

The TATLER

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HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH

In this delightful portrait, one of the first taken since the accession of King George VI, Queen Elizabeth is wearing the new diamond tiara, of very unusual design, given her not long ago by His Majesty. The late John Sargent once remarked of Queen Elizabeth that she was the only completely unself-conscious sitter he had ever had; as with the artist so with the photographer does Her Majesty's ease of manner and innate graciousness make portraying her a most happy experience. One of the first acts of King George VI on coming to the Throne was the investing of his Consort with the Order of the Garter. In the recently issued New Year Honours List Queen Elizabeth became a Dame Grand Cross of the Royal Victorian Order and Grand Master of the Order

PANORAMA



THE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER AND MR. GILMOUR

Swaebe

Two components of a large party forgathered at the Café de Paris last week for the principal reason of listening to Jimmie Savo, America's latest and highly appreciated contribution to London's fun. The Duchess of Westminster, Lord Sysonby's only sister, has a house in Little College Street and spends a good part of the year in Town

"One must be poor to know the luxury of giving."—THOMAS EDWARDS.

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* * *

Even in February, when "everyone" is popularly supposed to have left London, it is possible for those left behind, because of work or poverty, to be kept amused and happy. We are sometimes inclined to forget that being amused does not mean following the example of the majority. The real way to enjoy life is to do those things which are congenial, and ruthlessly cut out those which are not!

Anyway, quite a number of entertaining fixtures are "dated" for February. The most important one, in which all of us are interested, although none of us saw it, was the christening of the baby daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Kent.

Only intimate friends are privileged to see the Duke and



MR. AND MRS. JOHN WALKER

Whose marriage took place last week at the Church of San Andrea del Quirinale in Rome. The bride, formerly Miss Margaret Drummond, is the daughter of Sir Eric Drummond, British Ambassador to Italy, and the Hon. Lady Drummond. Mr. John Walker, Associate in Charge of Fine Arts at the American Academy in Rome, belongs to a prominent Pittsburgh family. The young couple have gone to Sicily for their honeymoon

THE HON. JESSICA *Yevonde* FREEMAN-MITFORD

The youngest but one of Lord and Lady Redesdale's six daughters will be twenty this year, has any number of friends and finds life a very pleasant affair. Her second sister, the Hon. Pamela Freeman-Mitford, was married in December to Mr. Derek Jackson. The latter is the Oxford Don who rode his own Princess Mir in the National of '35 and has Spionaud entered this year

Duchess of Kent *en famille*, but in the mysterious way that gossip flies hither and thither one hears that the Duke is the proudest parent in London.

The small Princess is as lovely as any small baby can be, and though she was two or three pounds in weight behind Prince Edward, she loses nothing in charm. Quite rightly the boy had the brawn, but from the point of view of figure the Princess is the most perfectly formed baby that the most rabid eugenist could wish to see; she has, it is true, small bones, but who wants a princess to be anything but dainty and graceful? Tiny ankles and wrists go with nicely moulded feet and hands that many a sculptor will want to model some day.

All this "baby talk" leads up, of course, to the christening, which was fixed for yesterday. Like all royal babies, the Princess was christened with Jordan water in the presence of several royal relations.

The private chapel at Buckingham Palace, where the

ceremony was performed is an unpretentious little place which was used as a conservatory until Queen Victoria had it transformed for use as a private royal chapel. And its privacy has been maintained. It was ordered to be made when Queen Victoria stopped attending the Chapel Royal, St. James's, with which quite a number of people are familiar.

The Chapel Royal at Buckingham Palace is reserved exclusively for the use of the Royal Family, and in addition to Sunday services has been used both for christenings and weddings.

Among recent weddings held there was the Greek marriage service performed at the time of the wedding of the Duke and Duchess of Kent, and the marriage of the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester. The King and Queen of Norway were married there, and so was the late Princess Royal. Lately, the idea that royal marriages were strictly private and personal affairs has given way to the modern demand for more public ceremonies, a gracious gesture on the part of the Royal Family, who realise and appreciate the affectionate interest taken by the public in their domestic affairs.

Christenings in recent years in the Chapel, where the gold plate used on the altar for special occasions is the memorial to Queen Victoria by her surviving children, have been those of Princess Elizabeth, her sister, Princess Margaret Rose, and, more recently, Prince Edward of Kent.

* * *

The Princess Royal and her brother the Duke of Windsor have always been the closest friends, and it has been no secret

with the members of his family ever since he left the country in December. Rumour is still busy with the report that the Duke of Kent may be the next member of the family to see the ex-King. If inclination could settle the matter the



A CHRISTENING IN CHELSEA

Mrs. Morgan Crofton, her very small son, Patrick Simon Crofton, Lady Kimberley, the baby's grandmother, and Lord Kimberley, after Patrick Simon's christening at the Church of St. Simon Zelotes, Milner Street. Mrs. Morgan Crofton is the former Miss Rosalie Tillotson. She was married to Lt.-Colonel Sir Morgan Crofton's son in 1934 and this is their first child. Mr. Morgan Crofton used to be in the Hampshire Regiment

among those who are entitled to call themselves friends of the Royal Family that the Duke has been anxious for his sister to visit him abroad. Luckily, there are no "official" difficulties in the way of such a meeting, and the Princess is delighted at the idea of seeing her favourite brother, who has kept in close touch



H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER

With Lord Wakefield at Bow, where H.R.H. opened the Queen Mary Day Nursery and Social Work Settlement last week. Crowds gave the Duchess of Gloucester a tremendous welcome, both at the Settlement and later at Cubitt Town, where she visited the Ship Workers' Jubilee Housing Trust model flats



COUNTESS BRYDGYTTE BENTINCK A BRIDE

The marriage of Countess Brydgytte Bentinck, only daughter of the late Captain Count Robert Bentinck and of Lady Norah Bentinck, to Jonkheer Adrian van der Wyck, took place last week at St. Paul's, Onslow Square. A reception at Lord Bute's house in Mansfield Street followed. Jonkheer Adrian van der Wyck is the youngest son of the late Jonkheer E. R. van der Wyck who was chamberlain to H.M. Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands. His bride is a direct descendant of King Louis IX of France

Duke of Kent and his brother would soon be reunited. But the latter has a long list of public duties to get through which demand his presence at home. However, it's quite possible

that if the Duke and Duchess of Kent take a short holiday abroad later on before the Coronation the two brothers may find a way of meeting. And nothing could give either of them greater pleasure.

* * *

Mrs. Baldwin's first "At Home" to-morrow will bring diplomats as well as politicians to 10, Downing Street. These pleasant Thursday afternoons go on until towards the end of March. Although these "At Homes" are primarily given for the "Party," the atmosphere is anything but strictly political! Ardent members of the Government can, of course, talk "shop" to their heart's content if they feel so disposed, and if their Parliamentary duties allow them to be absent from Westminster. But the hostess "mixes" her guests so cleverly that the political side is never stressed. Mrs. Baldwin is a delightful hostess, and each guest passes through from the reception to the tea room happily certain that her arrival has given keen pleasure to the wife of the Prime Minister. And that is the spirit that not only makes a successful party, but makes the same people want to come again and again.

* * *

Efforts of those interested in charitable undertakings are fully appreciated by film companies, who come forward time and again to give "first nights" of famous films to those who support good causes.

Lady Salisbury, the Hon. Mrs. Rupert Beckett, Margaret Lady Birkenhead, and others associated with them must have

(Continued overleaf)

PANORAMA—continued

been immensely gratified at the success of their gala first night of *Dreaming Lips*.

It was, of course, a great stroke of luck to be able to get Queen Mary's promise to come to the London Pavilion on that evening, the first time Her Majesty has fulfilled a public engagement since the death of King George V, but "slum clearance" has always been a subject in which Her Majesty has shown a keen interest.

Elisabeth Bergner, present in person that evening, was to have seen herself on the screen for the third time in her life, but she "funked it" at the last moment, and spent the whole evening shivering in the office until the time came for her to be presented to Her Majesty, who was accompanied by the Duchess of Gloucester. Such acute shyness is a curious complex when one remembers her reputation as an actress, and the fact that she made her first film something like fifteen or sixteen years ago, unless my memory is playing me tricks. But one cannot expect that indescribable delicacy of charm and beauty with nerves of steel.

Miss Joan Vickers, selling tickets on that evening, must, I feel sure, be the pride of the Municipal Reform Society. She is young, pretty, and smart, and, unlike lots of others who might be described in similar adjectives, she is keenly interested in municipal affairs. Considering how vitally these touch the lives of most women I often wonder that we don't rush in a body to vote at the London County Council elections and make sure this more domestic side of politics is something in which those most affected by it have a real influence. It is due to indolence that we haven't done this before, but we'll have another chance soon (next month, I think), and let us hope we take it and keep it.

In any event good luck to Miss Joan Vickers. I feel sure that her presence at the L.C.C. meetings (and I don't see how her constituents can be indifferent to her charm of manner, delightful voice, and clearly reasoned speeches) will enliven those sternly official gatherings!

And the mention of such things is a reminder of the party Lord and Lady Jessel gave at the Savoy last week.

Lord Jessel, father-in-law of Lady Helen Jessel, daughter of Lord Londonderry, has had a big and varied experience of municipal affairs, including the Mayoralty of the Borough of Westminster. But here again, as at Mrs. Baldwin's At-Home, the primary object of the host and hostess was to give their guests, invited to meet the vice-presidents and officers of the London Municipal Society, a pleasant time between the hours of four and seven o'clock.

* * *

Musical Londoners will be interested in the two concerts, one to take place to-morrow at Lady Aberconway's house in South Street, and the other at the Grotrian Hall on the 16th as ever is.

The former is interesting in the first place because the hostess's lovely house in South Street is well worth seeing at any time, not only because of the immense size of some of the public rooms (the dining-room is about eighty feet long), or the black marble and steel staircase which leads to the morning-room and drawing-room upstairs, but also because of the beautiful furniture with which they are filled.

The concert itself will be excellent, for Lady Wimborne, Lady Jowitt, and Mrs. Audrey Marshall Field are sponsoring it, and it will also be Arthur Rubinstein's last appearance in London before he leaves on an extensive world tour. Madame Cleora Wood, owner of a fine soprano voice, who specialises in singing Fauré, will sing, so I don't think it sounds a bad thirty shillings'-worth at any time, and doubly worth while when one remembers that proceeds go to the Greater London Fund for the Blind.

* * *

Lady Jellicoe brought her youngest daughter, Lady Prudence, with her to the gala performance of Charles B. Cochran's Revue, *Home and Beauty*, given in aid of the Stage Bed in Queen Charlotte's Hospital.

Lady Prudence was one of the many wearers of black velvet coats who were to be seen at the Adelphi.

The artistic Countess of Gainsborough, on the other hand, wore a three-quarter-length ermine coat over her black dress. Garbo-headed Lady Kembell-Cook, who had a flower pinned at the top of her long hair, also wore a short black cape which, when it was discarded, proved to be lined with silver fox.

Nurses in uniform from the hospital sold programmes, and I saw Mr. A. P. Herbert's daughter doing a good trade selling button-holes. She greeted her father with "Hello, Daddy," and promptly put a red carnation into his button-hole, for which he paid generously.

The Marquess and Marchioness of Cambridge were there, and Lord Duveen's dark-haired daughter, the Hon. Mrs. William Garthwaite, looked most attractive in a red dress.

Lady Howard de Walden, President of the Committee, is abroad, but her daughter, Countess Serge Orloff-Davidoff, came in her place. She arrived rather late, and evidently did not trust the weather, for, although the rain had ceased for some hours, she brought with her an umbrella!

Queen Ena of Spain came with her daughter, the Infanta Maria Christina, and was presented with a bouquet of lilac before she entered her box. She looked very regal in black, and seemed most enthusiastic about the show.

* * *

Quite the most attractive guest at the reception which Lord and Lady Dartmouth gave at the Park

Lane Hotel for the Staffordshire Society was Lady Lichfield, who chose dull Dubarry rose velvet for her dress. It was an interesting evening, for Lady Dartmouth, the chatelaine of Patshull House, near Wolverhampton, was hostess to all the well-known people of the county.

Sir Samuel and Lady Maude Hoare were their guests of honour. Lady Maude looked particularly well, draped in silver foxes, and Sir Samuel was in very good form and good health, in spite of the fact that the strenuous duties of office leave him little time for exercise on the ice rink or tennis court. Lord Dudley was at the reception. He is one of the foremost landowners of Staffordshire. The Duke of Windsor, when King, spent several week-ends at Himley Hall last year. The zoo that Lord Dudley has been gathering together, and which should be ready some time this year, has caused great loss to animal lovers of Oxfordshire, for there was a zoo not far from Blenheim Palace which enjoyed, at one time, great popularity. Now Lord Dudley has bought most of the animals for Himley.



A JOINT MEET OF BEAGLES: SIR JOCELYN LUCAS' AND MISS BARLOW-MASSICKS' PACKS COMBINE

In the picture are (in front) : Mrs. Weldon, ——, Miss Crookenden, Flight-Lieut. Pyper, Mr. Alan Ward, who was the host on this occasion, Sir Jocelyn Lucas, Miss Barlow-Massicks, Miss J. Nielson, Mrs. Denison and Miss F. Crookenden. Behind are: Major S. Newman, Major J. Hole, Mr. W. H. E. Denison, Miss Lynch Blosse and Mrs. Cradock



AT THE PYTCHELY MEET AT GUILSBOROUGH: LADY JEAN OGILVY,
MR. GERARD LEIGH, LADY MOIRA PONSONBY, MR. A. V. WELLESLEY
AND LADY ANNE SPENCER

"Beagles" is somewhat of a wide generic term for the occasion pictured above. Miss Barlow-Massicks' pack is composed of beagles and bassets, while Sir Jocelyn Lucas' contribution to the joint stock was, presumably, his pack of Sealyhams! Flight-Lieut. Pyper is Master of Mr. Butcher's beagles, within whose boundaries Miss Massicks' country lies. Salmon-fishing is well started again, and Captain Waterhouse is seen with two (one of them a 22-pounder) from the Blackwater, near Fermoy—lovely, silvery, fresh-run fish of the early year. The Pytchley onlookers include Lady Jean Ogilvy, who is Lord Airlie's daughter, Lord Bessborough's only daughter, Lady Moira Ponsonby, and Lord Spencer's only daughter

O'Brien
THE "REAL MACKAY": GRAND, SILVERY SPRING
FISH CAUGHT BY CAPTAIN WATERHOUSE ON
THE BLACKWATER

THE CINEMA

Hungarian Rhapsody
By JAMES AGATE

ONLY the other day in this place I was making the arresting statement that the best film was necessarily derived from the good stage-play, and that good original films not deriving from the theatre were so rare as to be negligible. Since the pronouncement, of course, I have been bombarded with angry lists of films, ranging from the antique *Intolerance* to the imminent *The Great Barrier*, which would have been made "theatre or no theatre." I still stick to my contention, and can't see why the poor old mother should at this time of day be disowned by her pampered child. I find succour, too, in a news-paragraph to hand which points out that five films in the West End during the week in which I write are based on stage plays. It seems, too, that "Elstree, Denham, and Hollywood are still getting most of their ideas from the 'legitimate,' just as they depended on the stage for their players during the early days of talking pictures." Messrs. Warner Bros. alone have chosen six stage plays for immediate filming. Of these, *Sweet Aloes* has already been seen, though, as the play was too sweet to be my cup of tea, I have stayed away from the film. This is to be succeeded at the New Gallery by the film version of *Three Men on a Horse*, with Frank McHugh in the part of the blessed Erwin. *Call it a Day* is now in process of being filmed in America with an all-English cast. Next on the list is *Boy Meets Girl*, which has, I hope, an all-American one. *Tovarich* is also chosen as a new setting for Claudette Colbert, and last in prospect, so far as this firm is concerned, is a filming of the popular musical comedy, *On Your Toes*.

The thing for me to do now, of course, is to fish about among the list of current films and declare how weak and footling are all those which have not the remotest connection with the theatre. Airily ignoring *Rembrandt*, which I am miserably conscious of having hailed as last year's best film, and *La Kermesse Héroïque*, which I am afraid I called the second best, I pounce on *O.H.M.S.*, reviewed here last time, and *Ernte*, reviewed here this. But now, putting my hand on my heart, which is a thing one ought to do more often, I cannot genuinely pretend that I think *Ernte* at the Academy a wholly weak and footling little film. It has so much of that plaguey, irresistible, mid-European charm.

This is what happens in *Ernte*, which, by the way, means *Harvest*, and might as well have been called so in London. Julika, a Hungarian peasant girl, strapping, sensible, and with not too much clinging, feminine nonsense about her, goes to work for a Rittmeister turned farmer who lives in a large farmhouse all by himself. The two behave like Marlowe's Passionate Shepherd and his Love. They prove all the pleasures obtainable from hill and valley, dale and field. They see the shepherds feed their flocks

By shallow rivers to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

He makes her beds of roses, and a thousand fragrant posies, a cap of flowers, and a kirtle embroidered all with leaves of myrtle, and all the delicious rest of it. The one difference and one fly in the pastoral ointment is that Julika does not become the farmer's Love, even when the little coach-house she sleeps in becomes snowed under and she has to share his roof as well as his board because of the aggravating elements. What can they do with their long winter evenings? She knows no card-games, and can sing only one song, which, though he does not seem to mind it, is regrettably like a Hungarian notion of "Where My Caravan Has Rested." He is a little inclined to browbeat her for her lack of general knowledge, so she sets to reading through a twelve-volume encyclopædia, and has reached the letter G before he finds out about it. Things are moving smoothly to the proper conclusion when one fine day, somewhere between the seasons of sowing and of reaping, a proud young lady comes along on horseback and in riding-habit and cracks him in the face with a whip because he says she can't take a near cut through his field in order to get back to her Schloss. Thereupon the Rittmeister puts on his best Rittmeisterish uniform and goes up to the Schloss to demand satisfaction. He stays away so long that the odd little Julika takes out all her master's old hats and uniforms and lovingly hangs them on scarecrows all over the farm. This seems either very foolish or very improper, one cannot be positive which. Anyhow, the farmer returns so fascinated



GARY COOPER AND JEAN ARTHUR
IN "THE PLAINSMAN"

The Plainsman is the Paramount picture now at the Plaza. It is a tale of pioneering days in the Wild West and includes such celebrated figures as "Buffalo Bill" Cody and the famous Wild Bill Hickok. Gary Cooper plays the latter part and Jean Arthur is Calamity Jane. The "still" reproduced here is from the end of the film, in which Hickok, the two-gun hero of a hundred battles, meets a violent end

by the lady who whipped him that he vows he will not begin the harvest till she comes to the farmstead to be married to him, which over a cup of tea and a waltz she had promised to do on that same conciliatory evening and as soon as she should return from a flying visit to Vienna. The great lady arrives not; the farmer sings patiently and as yet undesperingly; and Julika goes about mum and with a face as long as a Hungarian fiddle, although she has very sensible and articulate moments in which she wants to know for what good reason the ripe harvest should await anybody's caprice before it is cut. There is, in fact, no earthly reason for the Rittmeister's silly vow and consequent procrastination except to let the cameraman give us lovely vistas of waving and waiting barley, punctuated with interior glimpses of Julika's suffering and her master's blind nonchalance. The great lady's final refusal to demean herself brings the two idiots' heads together, and everything thereafter goes as merrily as a marriage-bell and a mowing-machine in active collaboration.

All this would seem unimaginably stupid if it had been filmed in Buckinghamshire with a svelte young London actor as the farmer and a soignée young London actress as his help. But then Paula Wessely, who plays the girl at the Academy, is a very clever little actress indeed, and she is here as convincingly like a peasant-girl unable to tell her love as she was like a Viennese coquette in *Maskerade*. The proud lady is played by a lovely creature called Gina Falckenberg, and all in all the film is one to be seen for its acting and its scenery as well as for its odd mixture of charm and lambent nonsense.

* * *
Josef von Sternberg, the well-known director, has started serious work on London Film's great Roman picture, *I. Claudius*, at the Denham studios.

Several weeks have been spent in research and intensive preparation for this film, which promises to be the most interesting as well as the most thrilling which these studios have produced. Charles Laughton, who plays the name part of the Emperor Claudius, will appear in the first scenes to be filmed. Laughton's costumes, and particularly his make-up for his wonderful characterisations, are always a subject of great interest, and his appearance for the part of the nervous and ridiculed Claudius who later becomes a great emperor is eagerly awaited.

"HOME AND BEAUTY": AT THE ADELPHI



GITTA ALPAR, NELSON KEYS AND BINNIE HALE

ON RIGHT) BINNIE HALE
AS "ROSE MELLOW"GITTA ALPAR
AS "JULIKA"

Charles B. Cochran has told the world that this Coronation Revue, a pageant of beauty and wit, is his "Swan Song." This is more literally true than perhaps he meant it to be, for there are no "geese" in this amazing cast; they are all "swans," and the leading singer of the song of the swan is Gitta Alpar, the beautiful young Hungarian prima donna whose voice is many classes above revue. We get Puccini, Verdi and a Hungarian *csardas*, possibly the musical high spot in the whole score, and all given us by a voice of unsurpassable quality. On the other side of things Mr. A. P. Herbert has given Nelson Keys and Binnie Hale the kind of ammunition they know so well what to do with. Whether as a plumber and a kitchen maid, or as an M.F.H. and an American film star, or as anything that the author's wit has suggested, they are undefeatable and have rarely been in better feather.

NELSON KEYS (THE PLUMBER)
BINNIE HALE (THE KITCHEN MAID)



THE EARL OF MACDUFF AND MRS. NOEL FURLONG WHEN THE FERNIE MET AT SKEFFINGTON

Skeffington is the home of both Major and Mrs. Noel Furlong and of that steeplechasing paladin, Reynoldstown. Prince Arthur of Connaught's son and heir, who is seen talking to the hostess, is in his distinguished father's old regiment, The Scots Greys.

in' week after week a real treat. Tuesday was an extra good day under the Ilmington Hills; hounds ran well over the lovely old grass round Quinton way, and eventually caught their quarry up in the mountains—a punishing finish for all but the lightweights. Wednesday, a big contingent travelled to Town to see Tom Beecham married. A very good show indeed, and pleasant to think that the happy couple are settling in our midst, for the bride has entered very kindly to foxhunting. Thursday, too bitterly cold for words, the wise ones stayed at home, and not a fox was seen above ground till Sawbridge was reached, hounds returning to the kennels at 3 p.m.; while Saturday was one of the definitely impossible sort of days when the Clerk of the Weather makes up your mind for you with no sort of indecision.

So much for the week's diary, but to hark back to the day at Moreton Morrell, which lives in the memory chiefly as a great aquatic experience. The oldest inhabitant cannot recall so many wholesale immersions in Kineton Brook, not to mention Combrook, or that nasty jagged river near Ashorne. When the pack settled down to run really fast from the Oaks it was like the opening of a barrage on the waterlogged fields of Flanders; no one cared where they met the obstacles, pace was too good to stop, and ingenious youth (also a few old-stagers who ought to have known better) sat down to ride, with the result that thirty or forty waterspouts went up to heaven at the same moment.

The only malcontent was Tony S., whose horse having withdrawn from the conflict into the safe shelter of a barn, was perforce obliged to foot it across the Vale to Edgehill, his wise father having ordered the lad's second horse back to the stable.

From the Shires and Provinces

From the Warwickshire

At Epp well we jumped into early spring, and there was not too big a crowd out as Mr. Parry's hounds are always a great counter-attraction on a Monday on the Stratford side, where he "keeps the tambourine a-round."



AT A WHEATLAND FIXTURE AT LORD DE VESCI'S HOUSE, MONKHOPTON

Lady De Vesci, the hostess of the occasion, and Lady Boyne, who is a sister of Lord Harewood, watching the preliminaries when the Wheatland met at Lord de Vesci's English abode in Shropshire. Lady de Vesci was the widow of the late Earl of Rosse, who died in 1918 from his wounds in the Great War.

From the Grafton

Our fixture at the Green Man on Wednesday was well attended and most of the day was spent in the woods. Bad luck for Mary Rose, her horse suddenly taking it into his head to lie down with her. Much to our disgust a sudden cold snap set in on Thursday, turning the roads to glass and making it quite impossible for any hunting on Friday and Saturday. A big field turned out on Monday at Adstone. Finding almost directly in Ashby Gorse, hounds were fast away, but not so most of the field, as they were impeded by one of the deepest and muddiest rides to Canons Ashby. They then struck a good line of country and ran fast through Ganderton's and Hogstaffe to High Wood, where, we are told, the fox "mysteriously" disappeared. Personally, I should think an unstopped earth was the cause! We twice visited Hogstaffe, and it is most people's *bête noir*, surrounded by rabbit holes on the side of a steep hill. Most of the field "ganging warily" as the going was boggy and treacherous. We are much distressed to hear of our Joint-Master's (Mr. Beale's) illness. We all hope he will make a speedy recovery.

From the Heythrop

It has been a half-and-half week, Monday and Wednesday being *dies bons* owing to frost. Monday, the 25th, at Cross Hands was a very good day, the *pièce de résistance* being the hunt from Hutchinson's Folly; the *pièce de non-résistance*, however, seemed to be Charles' stirrup leather which broke during this hunt, and now we quite understand the real meaning of the expression "ell for leather." Harry, our first whipper-in, took a nasty toss on the flat, but we feel sure he will agree that it is even better to go down this way than to go down with influenza, with which the kennels' staff is badly infected. Friday, at Adderbury, was another nice day, marred, however, by Hilda Lady Dillon having a horrible fall over wire and breaking her collarbone and some ribs. We wish her a speedy recovery. As this day's hunting was spent in very close proximity to the Bicester border, it was a very remarkable thing to hear a certain person chanting "Who's Afraid of the Big, Bad Wolf?" We must add that this little incident was quite unconnected with flask-and-sandwich time, as this is merely keeping this animal from the door. The evening hunt from Dashwood's Gorse was very enjoyable, thanks to the Bridge of Sighs (of relief).

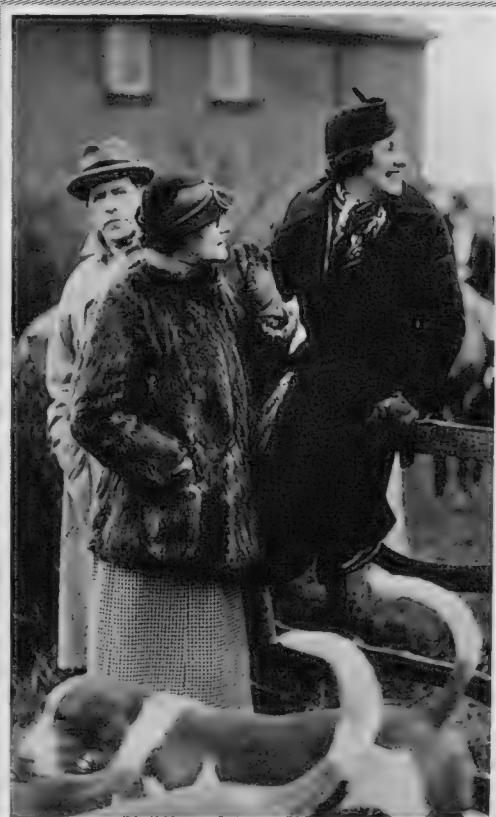
From the York and Ainsty

Both packs were out on Thursday, January 28, the South being at Skipwith with Jack in command. As is usually the case here, the company only numbered about a dozen, and what with a cold wind and an indifferent scent, it wasn't a very exciting day. However, we found foxes all right, including one in Cliffe Wood, which so far has not once failed us this season. The Northerners, after meeting at Minskip, had a very slow, twisty

half-hour's hunt, followed by another faster one of sixty-five minutes all round Copgrove. Incidentally, it is good news that Copgrove has been bought by Major Holliday (who gives up the Mastership of the Grove in May). If only some more of the châteaux in our country could be filled by hunting people, how much happier we should be. No hunting for any Yorkshire pack on Saturday, January 30, owing to snow, but all gone next day. The experts who forecast a hard winter seem to be a bit out. The North were at Hoperton on Monday and had a typical woodland day round Goldsborough and Ribston; whilst on Tuesday, February 2, the South

(Continued on p. xii)

WELL MET ROUND ABOUT ELEVEN A.M.

AT A PYTCHELY MEET: LORD BARNBY,
LORD CROMWELL AND HIS SON, DAVIDTHE HEYTHROP HUNTSMAN:
POPULAR JACK LAWRENCEMAJOR "TOLLY" WINGFIELD, MRS. ALLFREY
AND THE HON. MRS. DUNCAN CAMPBELLMISS HERSEY GRENFELL AND MISS
ANGELA FENWICK AT LANGHAMMR. ANTHONY BURKE, LADY CHOLMELEY AND MRS.
A. C. HUNTINGTON AT A RECENT BELVOIR FIXTUREAMERICA AT A FERNIE MEET:
MR. J. L. JOHNSON AND ELAINE

When snow and frost recently arrived upon the scene many fox-hunters took the gloomiest view, insisting that the much-prophesied long cold spell had come at last. Luckily, however, pessimism was confounded, for the hunting hold-up only lasted a couple of days in most countries. Just before it occurred the Pytchley met at Lord Cromwell's home, Misterton Hall. Lord Cromwell used to be an instructor at Weedon, so his son, the Hon. David Bewicke-Copley, ought to be all right as regards riding lessons. Lord Barnby was Master of the Blankney 1919-33. It is announced that Jack Lawrence, the Heythrop huntsman, intends to retire at the end of this season. Sad news indeed. Coming to them in 1922 after being first whip to the Whaddon Chase, he has shown consistently good sport and is well liked by all and sundry. The Cottesmore were at Langham when the top right-hand and bottom left-hand pictures were taken. The Hon. Mrs. Duncan Campbell is Lord Barnby's sister, and Major "Tolly" Wingfield is well known for a variety of sporting reasons. Lady Cholmeley, seen at a Belvoir meet, is Sir Hugh Cholmeley's wife, the former Miss Cecilia Ellice. Mr. J. L. Johnson and his daughter lent a pleasantly Wild West touch to Fernie's meet at Skeffington Hall, Major and Mrs. Noel Furlong's home. Mr. Johnson and Elaine come from New Jersey, U.S.A.

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

Women Always Write of Themselves.

MARGARET LAWRENCE has chosen an excellent title for her brilliant analysis of Every Woman's problem as expounded consciously, or unconsciously, through representative women writers—"We Write as Women" (Michael Joseph; 12s. 6d.). Every woman writer, whose work is worth reading and remembering, always does write as a woman. Some, strangely enough, consider this as a slight. Why they should I cannot imagine! Men write of war or politics, economics or the more abstruse philosophies, believing thereby that they write of Life. Women subconsciously realise that these problems change and pass away, and that the real problem of life is the giving and the rearing thereof, and that this, when boiled down to its essence, is the relationship, bodily and spiritual, between Man and Woman and Progress. They are consequently invariably subjective before they are objective, and often imagine that they are writing and thinking objectively when all the time they are a victim of their own subjectivity. This makes their outlook colossally matter-of-fact, even though they may dress up this matter-of-factness under a thousand-and-one theatrical disguises.

So, as this unusually interesting and illuminating study of women writers from Mary Wollstonecraft to Virginia Woolf declares, the books written by women are always a psychological revelation of the writer herself, her attitude towards her environment, evidence of her frustrations, her revolts, her own experiences and her "dreams." Each is a personal experience, and each experience colours vividly not only her writing, but her whole attitude towards Life. Thus no woman writes any book worth reading unless it be an expression of some conscious or unconscious frustration of her own spirit. For a woman, Fulfilment demands no pen and paper. She is too happy fulfilling herself as a woman. The urge to write comes to her only when Life has led her, as a woman, down some "wrong turning" and the way is too difficult for silence; besides being a too lonely road. And for a woman a "wrong turning" is far more devastating than for a man, because it means for her a complete psychological frustration of her Womanhood. And always, whatever may be her performance as an individual in Life, her sex finds her out. Whatever may or may not be her achievement, she is a victim, far more than a man, of Sex—though "victim" is really not the correct word; perhaps "affect" is a better one.

Thus Mary Wollstonecraft, who was a pioneer among women against economic dependence and the limitation of professional spheres in Life; against the paralysing attitude of "play-thing" and "chattel," with "motherhood" as a sap of word-worship thrown in without much corresponding performance, wrecked her own life and her career on the altar of a man whose whole attitude towards her was one of passionate fatigue and boredom. Briefly, her existence was wrecked on just those rocks of Sex which she had cried unto Women to avoid. Margaret Lawrence suggests that Jane Austen, whose stories reflect the problemless Woman (beyond the problem of finding a husband nice enough to please her and rich enough to keep her in comfort), was herself the victim of a love which was never returned, and thus, seeing herself an old maid for the rest of her life, was tired and glad to die at forty.

The Brontës and their stories, so interpretive of their own lives, propound the problem of women finding in "dreams" an ease of frustration. And this frustration in the case of Emily took on a form which is now understood scientifically. "This is a woman's virgin dream of love. It is not a man's. Being virgin work, it was not Branwell's. Though from Branwell she probably gathered the details of

conversations. Emily had an absorbing mind. She could see things, and hear them, through the medium of others. But the odd conversations of the local characters are only local flourishes in the book. The gaunt story proceeds almost without them by itself, out of a woman picturing to herself what love was. . . . A male being rapped at the nature of Emily Brontë. She let him into her desire. She wrote a book in which death and life cross each other, and mixed and separated, and mixed again. It was her fate. She was already dying when she wrote the book. She was rousing herself to live before she died; and yet laughing at herself for the joke that death would play on her who had never lived. . . . Whatever it was, the book was a wild, forlorn cry from a woman who was not made of quite the same substance as other women."

Again, George Eliot's books are all tinged by her own experiences as a child, and later on as a woman—a woman who had crossed swords with the then accepted attitude towards her sex and yet suffered all her life, because, ingrained within her, were spiritual conventions which refused to be pacified by unconventional mental adjudgment. Again, Olive Schreiner, who unconsciously mixed up her demand for full equality with Man with a feminine desire to subordinate his purely animal propensities, was always restless, delicate: a writer and a woman who "could not successfully bind her emotions into the context of an abstract idea." And

thus, leaving these famous writers who first made the voice of woman heard in the big world, we come to the more modern writers who are carrying out the further revelation of Women as they are co-equal in life with Men.

Among others, Anita Loos, who gave us the picture of a complete gold-digger, but made her heroine funny, whereas formerly men had made her a "villainess." And "Elizabeth," Rebecca West, Edith Wharton, all of whose stories create for us the picture of Woman whose life has some intense interest apart from a mate—the interest of being alive at all, of being able to think and amuse herself, when—perhaps especially when—"romance" has left her or passed her by, and children have gone out into the world and, so to speak, she has come into her own independence of personality quite apart from her life lived purely as a woman. And lastly, Virginia Woolf, whose demand for women is the same "solitude" as men demand for their own creative work; a "solitude" uninterrupted, and usually devastated by the call of being a mother, a hostess, or a helpmate. And the unusual part of this unusual and most thought-compelling book is that Margaret Lawrence deals with all these "classic" or contemporary writers in a way which makes you additionally interested in their work; interested in the

(Continued on page 242.)



Navana
MRS. LANCE SIEVEKING

Mrs. Lance Sieveking, nee Natalie Denny, is the wife of the well-known author, playwright, and skilled producer to the B.B.C. In addition to all these versatile talents, Mr. Lance Sieveking is an actor of no mean parts and also a good artist. During the war he saw a variegated amount of fighting in the Navy and in the air



Gutmann
LORD SUDLEY

Lord Sudley, Lord Arran's son and heir, was at one time A.D.C. to Lord Clarendon in South Africa, is the author of a witty little book, a very clever pianist, and owns a charming house in Mount Street which he shares with his brother, the Hon. Arthur Gore, who is a publisher

"THE FAIRY BALL"
IN "GAY PAREE"



MLLE. DE JOUFFROY D'ABBANS:
FIRST PRIZE AS THE "BLUE BIRD"



THE "FAIRY OF THE WOOD" AND HER
SPRITES: (L. TO R.) MLLE. AUBOGNEAU,
MME. N. MIRABAUD AND MLLE. TERISSE



THE WOLF (M. LEFEBRE-DELPEUCH) AND RED
RIDING-HOOD (THE COMTESSE L. D'ESTOURMEL)



THE NEW BLUEBEARD, 1937: THE BARONESS DE PERREGAUX
AND HER HAPLESS VICTIMS WON THIRD PRIZE

The "Fairy Ball" in Paris, which happened just recently, was one of the best parties of the winter season, and "Tout Paris" flocked to it. The scene of action was the Hotel Ritz, and it was organised by Princess de Faucigny-Lucinge in aid of charity. The climax of the evening was the défilé of the "Fairies," represented by various young members of the French aristocracy, and as may be observed from even this small collection of people, they all did their bit quite thoroughly, and in many cases most decoratively. The first-prize winner must have had a very strong field to beat. The variant of the much-married "Mr. Bluebeard" was a very happy idea. The victims look quite pleased about it. The Big Bad Wolf is also said to have scored a genuine success.



Photos. by Brassai, Paris
THE "PRINCESS AURORA" (MLLE. CLAUDE ARPEL)
AND SOME DEVOTEEES

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

revelation of the attitude each represents of women's inner life; especially interested in the reflection which each gives of the change in Woman's status throughout the world and the "secrets," hitherto unuttered, which the liberations have revealed.

Margaret Lawrence has an extraordinary understanding of women in all their various manifestations—from the "dove" woman to the Lesbian. And yet she can write objectively as well; as when she declares: "Fairness is a lovely bright doctrine. But it presupposes equality in love. And there is no such thing. Nature itself says so. The biological load is upon women. To carry the load at all, it has to be of infinite importance to her. Further, to be at ease in her mind about the infinite biological importance, she, if she is sensitive, has to surround it with romance and the imagery of romance. Men get off lightly by the ordinance of Nature. Men, with rare individual exceptions, care fundamentally very little about women, and, except in their momentary mating urges, are interested only in their own particular game. They like business; they like war; sometimes they like politics; and sometimes they like golf. They do not really like love-affairs. They never quite see why women cannot take sex as sex and let it be; yet somehow they never quite trust the woman who does. . . ."

It is all emotionally confusing for women. Anyway, here is a book which is thought-compelling and entertaining from beginning to end. As much a brilliant analysis of the "emancipation" of women as seen through their writing as a vivid revelation of women themselves—the various types of women; a variety, nevertheless, which is forced, in spite of itself, to obey a biological law, and whether obeying or disobeying it, thereby reaching glory or failure, yet can never escape it in the end. It makes them at once the fundamental law-givers of life itself, as well as Life's most tragic figures quite often.

Thoughts from "We Write as Women."

"Every woman, knowing that marital security is what is needed for her generic purpose, subconsciously despises the philandering male—attractive though he may momentarily be."

"In a woman observation is invariably subjective before it is objective."

"In time biology laughs at women who have evaded its laws."

"There are services tendered by women which are not entirely sexual, but rather more in the nature of a solacing retreat. And it is partly because of such services that men keep women in marriage and also in love-nests."

"First love and last love. Spring love and autumn love. Both these partake of the legendary quality. Other loves are more reasonable."

"It is the saint who understands sin; it is the mystic and not the sensualist who understands human love; it is

the 'dove woman' and not the sophisticate who understands sex; it is the priestess and not the matriarch who understands motherhood."

Plenty of Murders for Your Money.

Mr. Francis Beeding's new thriller, "No Fury" (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d.), contains more murdered corpses than almost any book I have read for a long time. As for the woman, Valerie Beauchamp, who represented "no fury like a woman scorned," she was a leading light in the local literary society whose members called themselves the "Esoterics." They had a "down" on poor Valerie, nevertheless, and her fury was both terrible as well as effective. When she dies and her will comes to be read, however, there is not one of the "Esoterics" who would not wish the other dead. There follows a chain of successive murders, beginning with a corpse terribly battered with a hammer. The cumulative effect of these murders is very exciting, and the subsequent trial well carried out in the manner of "suspense." Thanks, however, to wholehearted

perjury on every side, it does at one moment look as if the hangman's rope would dangle in mid-air with no body attached to it.

Happily, the police discover that a certain member of the "Esoterics" has been committing perjury in all directions. In order to bring him out into the open, they have recourse to a highly complicated method of procedure, which, surprisingly enough, brings to light a fifth corpse. It is all very well told, and with five murders committed should provide enough thrills to satisfy even the most inveterate reader of crime stories.



"L'ÉVENTAIL ROUGE"

"Drian," an artist well known in this country in pre-war days, now has on exhibition work in oil, water-colour, pastel and pencil at the Walker Galleries, New Bond Street. This will be open until February 27



"DRIAN"

"LE CHAPEAU ROSE"

This is a refreshing show: it is so long since we have seen an artist from across the Channel who has no need to mask lack of craftsmanship under the camouflage of modernism. Two examples of his work are seen here

The Most-Beloved Saint of All.

How strange to pass from Mr. Beeding's gay slaughtering to Mr. T. S. R. Boase's beautiful little book, "St. Francis of Assisi" (Duckworth; 2s.). Of all the saints, St. Francis is probably the most

beloved. Perhaps because so many of his sayings seem to offer a solution, albeit a hard one, to many of our present-day problems. Again, his life, as he lived it, makes most men, in spite of themselves, wistfully his disciples. Mr. Boase has told the familiar story without, happily, any of that always rather affected lyrical quality which too many writers seem incapable of escaping when they recount saintly lives. The simplicity of his narrative makes the story doubly beautiful. Occasionally he takes one of the "sayings" and shows how the moral is applicable to modern life. In the beginning he says: "Every man will find his own interpretation of it, seeing by its light some approach to his own ways: for those who find in it no quality of illumination will hardly understand it, and if they trouble to read him, must be content to wonder only." Yet I find it difficult to believe that anyone who reads this little book will fail to find in it at least some "quality of illumination."

AT LONDON'S

The new Cochran Revue and



ARRIVING FOR "HOME AND BEAUTY": THELMA LADY FURNESS WITH CAPTAIN DE LISSA



ALSO AT THE ADELPHI: CLAIRE LUCE AND MR. RANDOLPH CHURCHILL



MRS. DUDLEY WARD CAME WITH MR. W. ROOTE TO THE FIRST NIGHT OF "HOME AND BEAUTY"



LADY DASHWOOD TOOK MISS ELIZABETH WELLS TO SEE "HOME AND BEAUTY"



ELISABETH BERGNER AT THE PREMIÈRE OF HER NEW FILM, "DREAMING LIPS"



LADY ZIA WERNHER AND HER DAUGHTER, MISS GEORGINA WERNHER, AT THE ADELPHI

Two important new contributions to London's list of worth-while entertainments occurred on the night of February 2nd. One was the presentation at the Adelphi of C. B. Cochran's Coronation Revue, "Home and Beauty"; the other was the world première, attended by Queen Mary, of Elisabeth Bergner's latest picture, "Dreaming Lips," at the London Pavilion. Tremendous cheering greeted her Majesty. Before leaving, Queen Mary sent for and personally congratulated both Elisabeth Bergner and her opposite number, Raymond Massey, on their brilliant work in this picture. Miss Bergner, as usual, refused to watch a first film-showing of herself; instead she hid until it was over. But she need not have been nervous of the verdict. The "Home and Beauty" first night had the éclat expected of it, and undoubtedly Cochran has scored up another big hit. Mr. Randolph Churchill, who escorted a charmingly Russianised Claire Luce, is only lately back from the States, and has now gone to Switzerland. He enjoyed America so much that even the departure of his sister and her husband, Vic Oliver, could not move him. Thelma Lady Furness also crossed the Atlantic in an easterly direction fairly recently. Lady Zia Wernher had her débutante daughter with her at the Adelphi. She is giving a dance for her at Somerries House, Regent's Park, in June.



MRS. T. O. M. SOPWITH AT PALM BEACH, FLA.

The wife of the undaunted challenger for the America's Cup playing a round of golf on the Seminole Links. Mrs. Sopwith will be a member of *Endeavour's* crew when the great contest comes off

the best motives in the world, the committee of the Eastward Ho! Club seem to me to be laying themselves open to trouble. Cheating among golfers is rare in the extreme, despite the unexampled opportunities that the game affords, but there are black sheep in every fold, and I should not be surprised to see a good many of them taking a week's holiday at Felixstowe. But perhaps "cheating" is a hard word. I recall the case of a man some years ago who was playing in the first round of a big knock-out tournament. His handicap was upwards of 20; he holed the course in 6 net—and was beaten on the nineteenth. He came into the club-house purple with rage and said that his opponent's handicap was nothing but a mockery. Both these fellows would have been wildly indignant at the suggestion that they had been cheating—which morally, of course, they had.

I hold the view that no amateur tournament—in golf or any other sport—should be financially worth winning. I also hold the view equally strongly that we do not want to be bothered with any legislation to that effect. The national unions prepared an immense and complicated system whereby the handicaps of every player in the land could be made fair, one in relation to the other (the preparation of this scheme was, in fact, the principal object of the unions' existence), but it depended for its successful working upon the ability

CONCERNING GOLF

By HENRY LONGHURST

ACERTAIN amount of discussion seems to have been raised, not unreasonably, on the subject of over-valuable prizes for amateur tournaments, with special reference to a competition which the Eastward Ho! Club at Felixstowe propose to hold in the summer. It is to be open to all comers with handicaps of 14 or less and will last for four days—two qualifying rounds and then three days of match play. The first prize is truly magnificent—indeed, I imagine it to constitute yet another "record" and consists of a £100 motor-car, presented in an access of generosity by the captain of the club. The runner-up will take a prize valued at twenty guineas.

With doubtless

and willingness of club committees to read and understand the explanatory booklet. This a great many of them have failed to do, and thus it remains impossible to insure in an open tournament the fairness of each individual handicap—especially if, as usually happens, no notice is taken of that extraordinary chart known as the Corresponding Handicap Table. On the other hand, no scheme that man could devise could completely curb the evil practices of the deliberate malefactor.

Another point that must be noted in connection with all open tournaments is the extraordinary rate of progress achieved by young players between the ages of, say, fifteen and eighteen, with which no handicapping committee can

possibly be expected to keep pace. The results of the *Morning Post's* highly successful annual tournament have been an example of this tendency. No suggestion of wrongdoing here, of course; simply the natural zest and eagerness of youth earning its fair reward.

For various reasons, then, to offer big prizes in handicap tournaments is to play with fire. The less legislation we have to have the better for all concerned. Provided public opinion is expressed strongly enough, there should be no need of any further rules and regulations, but it is enlightening to compare those laid down by the Badminton Association on the subject. I remember having a long talk about it with Mr. Arthur Critchley, a member of the Joint Advisory Council, who was for twenty years secretary of a badminton club. Among the special Regulations for Tournaments issued by the Badminton Association, he pointed out, are the words: *No prize or prize voucher shall be greater in value than two guineas.* "These regulations really work in practice," said Mr. Critchley, "and in twenty years I never heard of the Association having to exercise its authority—everybody takes them for granted and is quite happy about them. My own view is that the sooner we get golf administration on similar lines the better for the game. Absolute freedom is all very well, but with the great spread of the game . . . some form of control is inevitable."

(Continued on page x)



AND MR. TOMMY SOPWITH, ALSO AT PALM BEACH

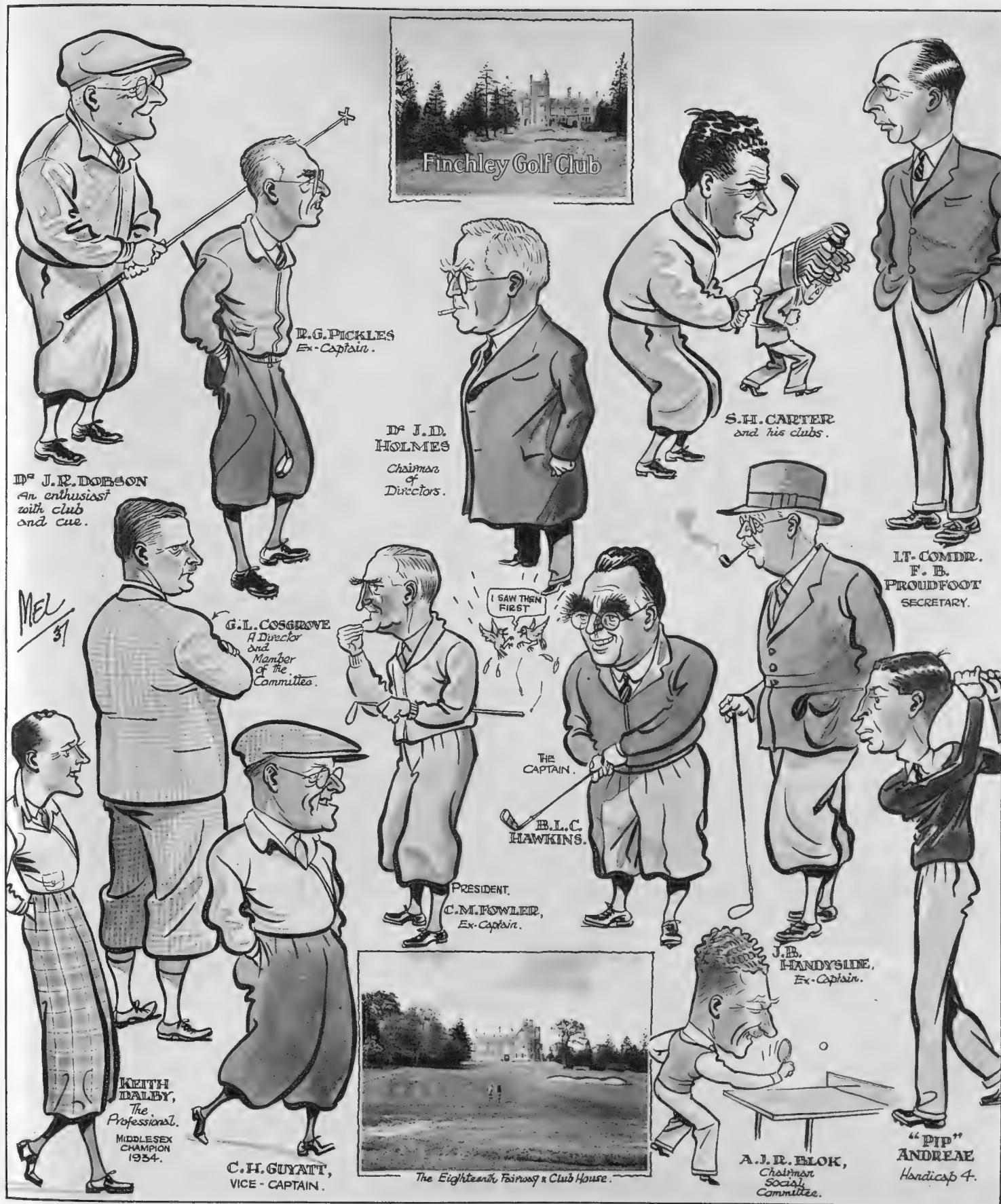
Mr. and Mrs. Sopwith are on holiday at the moment. Hard work comes later, when he sails *Endeavour II*, for the America's Cup. He has borrowed his old yacht, *Endeavour I*, as a trial-horse



NORMA SHEARER, ONE OF HOLLYWOOD'S BEST GOLFERS

A picture full of sun and air and beauty. Norma Shearer sustained a sad bereavement when her husband, Irving Thalberg, died; "Romeo and Juliet," in which she was with Leslie Howard, was one of Thalberg's last films

GOLF CLUBS AND GOLFERS



FINCHLEY GOLF CLUB—BY "MEL"

The home of the Finchley Golf, Sports and Social Club is at Nether Court, in the pleasant valley that lies between Finchley and Mill Hill. The course was designed by James Braid and laid out by Mr. J. R. Stutt, of Paisley ; it was opened for play in 1930. Among other attractions there are six hard courts for the tennis players, and room has been reserved for six further hard courts ; there is ample garage accommodation, as well as a large car park ; there is a small putting green, and it is in contemplation to provide a large putting course ; the Club is set amid surroundings which make it difficult to believe that it is within eight miles of Hyde Park. It is one of the attractions of the Finchley course, that it combines two entirely different styles, the first hole and the last nine holes being laid out in the picturesque and heavily wooded park overlooked by the Club House, and the remaining eight holes in the comparatively open country which was the site of the old nine-hole course

THE MEATH HUNT BALL

LADY MAUREEN BRABAZON
AND LORD DUNSANYTHE LOUGH HALL HOUSE-PARTY
(Standing) Capt. W. H. Ferguson and Mrs. Kenneth Campbell. (Seated) Mrs. W. H. Ferguson, Lord and Lady Louth and Dr. George Furlong. (Sitting in front) Miss Rosalind Mansfield

SIR EDMOND AND LADY HODSON

LIEUT.-COL. S. S. HILL-DILLON
AND MRS. EVELYN SHIRLEY

The Meath Hunt Ball was held at Bellinter, Mr. C. J. Briscoe's house, and being an Irish Hunt Ball, was naturally great fun. Lady Maureen Brabazon is Lord and Lady Meath's elder daughter, she is seen with Lord Dunsany, famous as poet and playwright. Mrs. Ferguson is sister to Miss Carmen Cory, who is engaged to Mr. Harry McGowan. Dr. George Furlong is Director of Ireland's National Gallery. Miss Mansfield is the youngest owner of racehorses in Ireland. Colonel Hill-Dillon is a steward of the Irish Turf Club and a prominent owner. Mrs. Shirley is Joint-Master, with Mrs. Nancy Connell, of the Meath. Miss Anne King-Harman is to be presented at Court this year; she is Sir Cecil's younger daughter. Major Parr, a former Master of the Meath, was chatting with Lord Zetland's daughter and the wife of Mr. "Jimmy" Farrell, the famous Irish Rugby International who was "capped" twelve times

LADY JEAN DUNDAS, MAJOR VICTOR PARR
AND MRS. J. FARRELLSIR CECIL STAFFORD-KING-HARMAN
AND HIS DAUGHTER, ANNEPhotos.: Poole, Dublin
VISITORS FROM BOHEMIA: COUNT
AND COUNTESS EDMUND TAAFFE

*Hay Wrightson, New Bond Street*

AN ATTRACTIVE YOUNG PEERESS: LADY GRENFELL

Lord Shaughnessy's niece, the former Miss Betty Shaughnessy, became Lady Grenfell in 1932, when she was only nineteen. Her husband, son of that brilliant soldier, the late Field-Marshal Lord Grenfell, is a subaltern in his father's old Corps, the 60th, and they were in residence at Farnborough last year. Now they have a house in Oxford Square, from which their young son and daughter, Julian and Caroline, are able to make daily expeditions to Hyde Park. Many peeresses, and probably Lady Grenfell among them, are already giving thought to Coronation Robes, and are also wondering how they are going to keep their coronets in place. This is a real problem in these days of almost universal short hair. The provided gold pins worked well when heads were more lavishly trimmed; now they find getting a grip of things almost impossible. The base of a coronet only measures about five inches in diameter.



MAURICE CHEVALIER AND MARY GLORY IN THE NEW FILM,
"AVEC LE SOURIRE"

This film by Louis Verneuil is rated quite the best one in which Maurice has appeared since one he was in with the clever little boy Baby Leroy, "Bed-Time Story." "Avec le Sourire" is having a big triumph on the Continent, and if it comes to London we are advised not to miss it

TRÈS CHER.—The optimists of the *Front Populaire* who insist on out-Coué-ing Coué tell us that trade is booming and that we may expect a new era of prosperity during this year of grace 1937 that, so far as I can see—but then, of course, my nose is not particularly long—seems to have begun in pretty much the same way as 1936 ended. My wine-merchant tells me that he is booking larger orders just now than he has done for many seasons; but he tells me also that he cannot get paid for them-same! My hairdresser tells me that his fair *clientèle* is being manicured, permed and water-waved as frequently as ever, but that he doesn't sell one-twentieth of the amount of expensive perfumery that he used to sell. My dress-maker complains bitterly of the fashion that permits us, on certain occasions, to wear the same gown from midday to midnight, and reviles the cocktail frock that also serves for "small dinners." Milliners curse the ever-growing hatless brigade, and, despite Paul Morand's sarcastic comments anent that period, regret the picturesque, cart-wheel monstrosities of 1900.

Restaurant proprietors who had hoped that the Reubens Exhibition, now drawing crowds to the Orangerie, would incite our Young Beautifuls to acquire more curves, grind their teeth with rage at the daily waste of succulent dishes and dream of creating *table d'hôte* meals consisting of one small, well-grilled steak, three leaves of lettuce, and a cup of sugarless black coffee. The only smiling tradespeople I have noticed at time o' writing are chemists, bar-keepers and beauty-shop owners and I find myself wondering whether these come under the heading "trade" or "profession"!



IN NEW YORK: MISS MARY MUNN AND MADAME JEAN DUPUY

Snapshotted at a New York Art Show. Miss Munn is the daughter of Mr. Charlie Munn, who introduced dog-racing to Europe, and Madame Dupuy, née Dorothy Spreckles, is the daughter-in-law of Madame Dupuy, owner and presiding genius of the famous paper "Le Petit Parisien," and a very important person indeed in Paris. The picture in the background is of the Verner Z. Reed place at Pinehurst and is by Nicholas de Molas

Priscilla in Paris

About the Beauty Builders, at all events, there is something distinctly sacerdotal. The *beau monde* turned out *en masse* for the cocktail-party that house-warmed Mme. Hélène Rubinstein's new home overlooking the Ile St. Louis, and the narrow Quai de Bethune was so crowded with Hispanos, Packhards and "Phantom" Rolls that my beloved Miss Chrysler 1924 was slightly—only very slightly—ashamed of her somewhat-the-worse-for-wear enamel. However, I whispered to her that I would buy her a pot of skin food to spread on the worst blisters, so that she wagged her little tail-light with joy and nearly choked, much to the annoyance of Mme. de Polignac's chauffeur, as we backed up on him before wedging ourselves comfortably between Mme. Bonnier de la Chapelle's Peugeot and Josephine Baker's cream and black Delage.

Our High Priestess of Eternal Youth has an ideal top-floor-back-mit-roof-terrace, crowning a very modern building that has growed, Topsy-wise, on the Ile St. Louis, in the midst of the historical buildings that are so lovely in that quarter of Paris. Little drops of water, ditto grains of sand . . . I wonder how many hundreds and thousands of alabaster pots of perfumed unguents have to be sold in order to achieve such magnificence. I am not sure whether Mme. Rubinstein's is an Ideal Home, but it is certainly an "exhibition" one. I have a weakness for old furniture in a modern setting. There is an absurdly adorable bed-room set of mother-o'-pearl, Louis Philippian furniture that made me giggle with delight, and I am not, as a rule, greatly given to giggling! There are Venetian mirrors, all crinkly and flower-decked, that remind

me of the Valentines I used to see in the stationery shops of my childhood. There were opaline *verre-d'eau*, flower-pieces, costly *bibelots* and priceless tapestries that were as ancient and modern as hymns. There was also a winter garden, carved, no doubt, from a block of crystal, and in which it would be unwise to throw stones, glittering with a thousand tiny lights that were reflected like jewels in the spray of tinkling fountains.

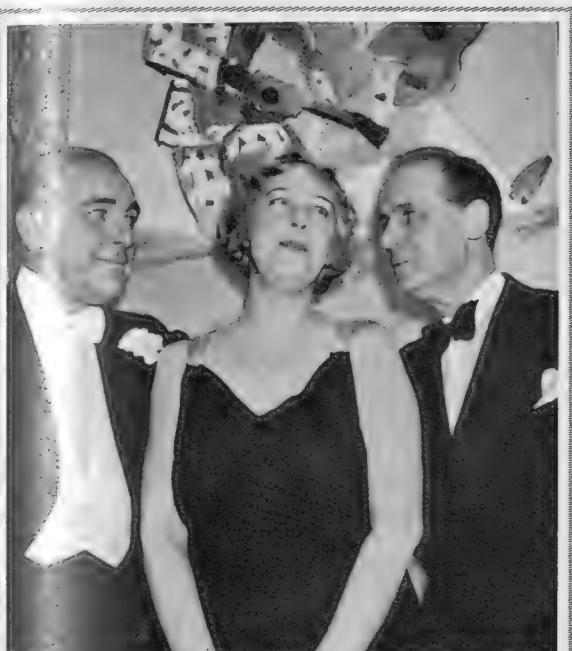
It was at this party that I met Lucienne Delforge, the celebrated young pianist whom I have so often heard and applauded on the concert platform. After talking to her and

listening to her quiet and very charming speaking-voice, I wonder more than ever at the power and virility of her playing; she is such a dainty, Tanagra-like little lady. When I heard her, here in Paris last spring, just before she went to London, I was impressed by her amazing technique and, at the same time, the exquisite delicacy of her performance. Friends who were at Prague last autumn, where she was playing for the second time last year, tell me that at the end of her recital the audience surged up round the platform and simply would not let her go. She practically played her entire programme over twice, and had to be rescued from her enthusiastic admirers by a posse of stalwart *polizi* that the manager of the Salle de l'Institut hurriedly sent for. At Vienna, Budapest and Copenhagen the same thing happened, and in Italy, at Milan, just before Christmas, the crowd carried her shoulder-high when she left the Concert Hall to return to her hotel. A breath-taking adventure, but one that she survived without losing her head or turning giddy, thanks to the fact that she is an experienced mountaineer and spends her holidays scaling inaccessible Alpine peaks. PRISCILLA.

A POT POURRI

GERTRUDE LAWRENCE IN HER DRESSING-
ROOM AT THE NATIONAL THEATREAT EL MOROCCO : PRINCE JEAN-LOUIS DE FAUCIGNY-
LUCINGE, PRINCESS NATALIE PALEY AND BARON
“NICKY” DE GUNZBOURG

OF NEW YORK

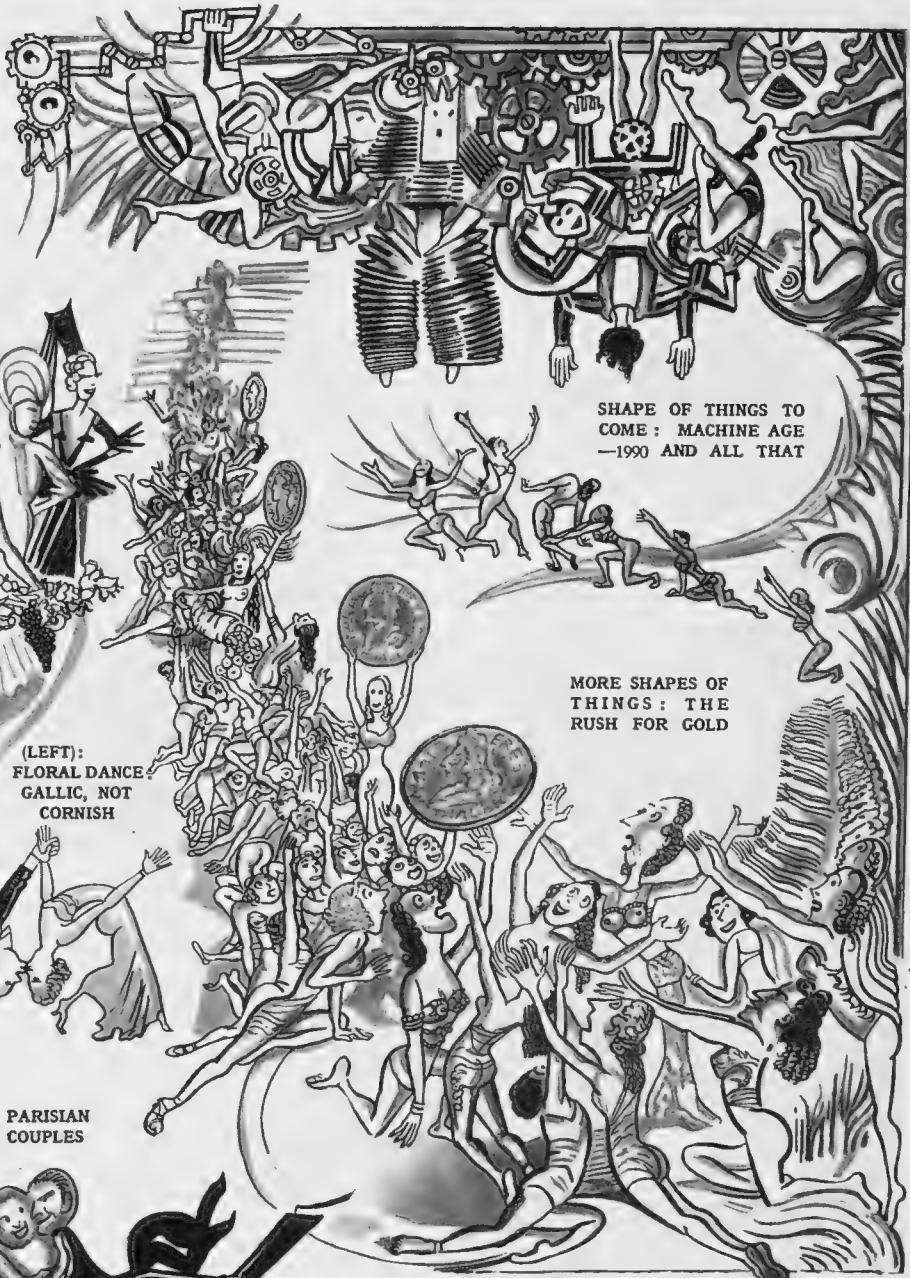
STUART BENSON AND HIS SITTER,
IYA, LADY ABBYPARTY-GOERS : MR. SCHUYLER-WHITE, MADAME
NICOLAS RAFFALOVITCH AND TULLIO CARMINATIMISS IRENE BROWNE AND CAPTAIN
PRATT BARLOW

In this page is presented a little record of divers lawful occasions in New York upon which many notable people were engaged. Gertrude Lawrence is kept so busy at the National Theatre that she has a little wigwam in her dressing-room for sleep between performances. Another stage celebrity, Irene Browne, was off to Florida for a rest. Kay Francis was just back from a ski-ing holiday on the Swiss snows. Princess Paley, is starting on a film career. She is the daughter of the Grand Duke Paul and Countess Hohenfelsen. Miss Sarah Sanford, who is to be married shortly, is a sister of “Laddie,” so famous in both American and English polo. Tullio Carminati, now a great screen name, used to be on the stage. He and Madame Raffalovitch were with Mr. Schuyler-White, one of W. R. Hearst’s henchmen, at Mr. Arthur Weisenberger’s party. Lady Rhondda and Miss Stanhope, a daughter of Lord Chesterfield’s heir-presumptive, are making the rounds of New York

GOING PLACES : LADY RHONDDA
AND MISS DOREA STANHOPETO BE MARRIED THIS MONTH : MISS SARAH
SANFORD AND MR. MARIO PANZAAT EL MOROCCO : ANDERSON LAWLOR,
THE ACTOR, AND KAY FRANCIS

ENTERTAINMENTS à la CARTE

Supper in the Stalls



YOU can eat peanuts and oranges in the theatre if you are a gallery-ite, but it simply isn't done to partake of soup, moules marinère or anything noisier than chocolates in the stalls. In the London Casino, which, less than a year ago, was the Prince Edward Theatre, there is no gallery and no pit. Not even an upper circle. But in the pastel-shaded stalls and dress-circle you can enjoy a good five-course dinner (or supper, if you want to eat around midnight), see a show, and take your dance partner on to the stage in between whiles. Tiers of comfortably upholstered seats with tables for two in front of you; other tables for larger parties at right-angles to the stage, with revolving chairs. Not a bad idea, with present transport difficulties in the congested West End, to have dinner, dance, and a show (15s. 6d. inclusive) under one gilded roof.

The revue (twice nightly) takes up nearly two out of the three-and-a-half-hour dinner session (7.15-10.45; supper session, 11-2 a.m.), which will be a relief to the not-so-good dancer. (Memo. for said N.S.G.'s partner: Wear frock that doesn't show creases. Dancing on a stage at eye-level, even though there are no footlights, means that a girl simply can't be too careful.)

The London Casino has an interchange arrangement with the French Casino, New York,



and the French Casino, Miami, for its revues. *Folies d'Amour*, the third production since the opening of the Casino last April, is staged by M. Jean le Seyeux, of the Folies Bergère; choreography and ensemble by Mme. Natalie Komarova of the same theatre; scenery and costumes designed by Parisians; brassières by the Lord Chamberlain; artistic licence by Tom Titt.

A show which has to compete with three hundred waiters and a thousand diners must be visual rather than aural. *Folies d'Amour* relies on the spectacular both in massed effects and individual turns. Of the former, "The Old Jewel-Box" is the most artistic, with its human necklace of pearls ("each pearl a dear" as the composer of "The Rosary" did not say) reflected in the lid of a giant Pandora's box. Most elaborate is a ballet-spectacle, "The Metal Age," in which the Bodenwieser corps de ballet cleverly suggest a machine in motion; and, illustrative of "Love in 1990," a "man of to-morrow," flanged like a metallic caterpillar, gyrates with two females. As, apparently, we are to be polygamous in 1990, it is nice to know that the female of the future retains the most attractive features of the present-day model.

Of the individual turns, good slap-stick humour is supplied by Herman Hyde and Co (that's Co with the puff sleeves), whose musical instruments lay eggs, waggle their ears, explode, and do everything except supply music; by the Bryants, an amusing knockabout study in inertia; and by Cinda Glenn, who, not unlike Gracie Fields in certain mannerisms, twists her arms into incredible contortions until she looks

as if she is having an all-in wrestling bout with herself. There's lots doing, too, in the acrobatic line, with Elly Ardelty, the daring young girl standing on her head on the flying trapeze; six muscular Menorcas standing on a seventh; and a can-can with black lingerie. And you can't have anything more novel than that!

J. B. P.

THE 68TH FIELD BRIGADE, R.A. BALL AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON

AT THE WELCOMBE HOTEL: MAJOR M. I.
CLUTTERBUCK AND MRS. H. W. HUGGINSMAJOR-GENERAL S. S. BUTLER
AND MISS K. BARKERMRS. M. I. CLUTTERBUCK
WITH COL. J. S. MELLORMISS BETTY FANE AND MAJOR
GUY JACKSON, M.F.H.MRS. E. M. TARBOLTON AND
LT.-COLONEL H. G. WICKSMR. J. R. W. MURLAND, 5th DRAGOON GUARDS
SUPPLEMENTARY RESERVE, AND MISS BURKEMRS. C. C. H. MORIARTY, LT.-COLONEL F. H. LAWRENCE,
MRS. F. H. LAWRENCE AND MR. C. C. H. MORIARTY

Officers of the 68th (South Midland) Field Brigade Royal Artillery gave a highly entertaining dance not long ago at the famous Welcombe Hotel, just outside Stratford-on-Avon. Lt.-Colonel F. H. Lawrence shared with Mrs. Lawrence the business of greeting well over 300 guests. He commands this Territorial Brigade, which is a unit of the 48th (South Midland) Division. Major-General S. S. Butler was appointed G.O.C. the 48th Division in 1935, after being O.C. British Troops in the Soudan and Kaid Soudan Defence Force. He was previously Inspector-General West African Frontier Force. Major M. I. Clutterbuck and Brevet-Lt.-Colonel H. G. Wicks are both in Colonel Lawrence's Brigade, and Major Guy Jackson is a Warwickshire Yeoman as well as Joint-Master, with Mrs. J. B. Arkwright, of the North Warwickshire Hounds. Mr. C. C. H. Moriarty is Birmingham's Chief Constable. The South Midland Area, in which Territorial recruiting has been fairly brisk of late, comprises the counties of Warwickshire, Oxfordshire, Buckinghamshire, Worcestershire, Berkshire, and Gloucestershire. Divisional Headquarters are at Oxford.

Photographs by Arthur Owen

THE ONLY DAUGHTER OF THE CHÂTELAINE OF CASTLE LEOD



LADY ISOBEL BLUNT-MACKENZIE :
THREE RECENT PORTRAIT STUDIES

Lady Isobel Blunt-Mackenzie, only daughter of the Countess of Cromartie, who is one of the few peeresses in her own right, is one of the most travelled of anyone of her age, and has voyaged to almost every part of the world, a thing that takes a bit of doing, even in these times when travel has been made so easy and comfortable. Lady Cromartie succeeded to the title in 1895, when the abeyance in which it had been was terminated in her favour. In 1899 she married Lt.-Colonel Walter Blunt, who assumed the additional name of Mackenzie on his marriage. The other issue of the marriage besides Lady Isobel are Lord Tarbat, the heir, who is in the Seafords (Reserve), and the Hon. Walter Blunt-Mackenzie. Lady Cromartie's seat is Castle Leod, Strathpeffer.

Photos: Hay Wrightson, New Bond Street



FULL SWING IN ST. MORITZ

MR. AND MRS. IRVING ASHER
IN THE PALACE BARMRS. HUGH LEVESON-GOWER AND MR. RICHARD
PARKEPRINCESSE JEAN-LOUIS DE FAUCIGNY-
LUCINGE AND SIGNOR F. SCHOCHSIR OLIVER LAMBERT AND MME. MARTIN
WOOG DE RUSTEMMISS HILARY CHARLES AND MR. BOBBY
NOTHMANMR. "PAT" HANBURY AND MLE. GRISÈLE
KLEIN

St. Moritz is so remote from anything so low as sea-level that the general feeling of altitude and uplift is apt to spread throughout the human frame. This leads to much evening junketing as well as daytime energy. Of those seen here Mr. and Mrs. Irving Asher are, respectively, one of Hollywood's leading producers and Laura la Plante, a star of great brightness. Mrs. Hugh Leveson-Gower is Sir John Mullens' daughter; she was with Mr. Richard Parke, a New Yorker and a St. Moritz habitué. She whom London knew as Baba d'Erlanger is Princesse Jean-Louis de Faucigny-Lucinge. Sir Oliver Lambert is a kinsman of the Earl of Cavan; Mme. de Rustem, seen with him, is a daughter of Colonel Chandos Pole, of Radbourne Hall, Derby. Mr. "Pat" Hanbury is Sir Cecil Hanbury's younger son. Mr. and Mrs. Angus Macleod hail from the misty Isle of Skye

MR. AND MRS. ANGUS
MACLEOD

LORD
AND LADY
STAVOR-
DALE,
THEIR
FAMILY
AND THE
WATCH-
DOGS



THE DOMESTIC SIDE
OF LIFE

Lord and Lady Stavordale, who were married in 1931, are a first-class exemplification of how easily things can go right if only you let 'em! He is Lord Ilchester's son and heir, and after Eton and The House, went to The Blues, and is now on the reserves. Lord Ilchester is in the Coldstream (R. of O.). Lady Stavordale is the eldest daughter of the late Captain the Hon. Cyril Ward, R.N., son of the late Lord Dudley. The two children in these pictures are Giles, the son and heir, born in 1934, and Teresa, who is two years older. The names of the other protagonists, including the woolly duck and the permanent officials who guard the house, have not been transmitted. The pictures were taken at Lord Stavordale's house, Evershot, Devonshire.



MR OM

Photos.: Swaine

A SOCIETY PORTRAIT

*Cannons of Hollywood*

LADY MELCHETT

Lady Melchett and her husband, who is famous in the worlds of both finance and fox-hunting, are leaving our English winter for New York, Canada and South America, but will be back with us again in good time for the Coronation celebrations. Lady Melchett is a daughter of the late Mr. John Wilson, of Johannesburg, and Lord Melchett, in his leisure hours from his hard work in connection with Imperial Chemical Industries, and other pre-occupations, is Master of that good pack, the Oakley. Lord Melchett succeeded to the command on the death of poor Esmé Arkwright, who had had them ever since 1921.

MRS. EDWARD
DAUGHTER

Mrs. Edward John Sutton, her only child, Patricia F. in 1935, is the former Miss who is the Adjutant of the Hon. Sir John Ward and

GALLERY OF THREE



ARD AND HER
PATRICIA

ard, who is here seen with
eth Marion, who was born
an Corbett. Her husband,
ues, is the elder son of the
of the present Earl of Dudley



Cannons of Hollywood

THE COUNTESS OF FEVERSHAM

Lady Feversham's marriage last year to the present Joint-Master of the Sinnington united two famous fox-hunting houses, for her father, Lord Halifax, is senior Master of the Middleton and has been so since 1932. Before he went to India to that perilous charge, the Viceroyalty, Lord Halifax used to hunt his own pack of harriers, the Garrowby. Lady Feversham is Chairman of Committee of the Coronation Ball in aid of the London Child Guidance Clinic which is to be held at Grosvenor House on May 10th, and also on the Committee of the Home and Beauty Gala performance on February 3rd in aid of that deserving institution, Queen Charlotte's Hospital

IN AND OUT OF DOORS



OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND AT HER PIANO—



—AND PLAYING BADMINTON



MADELEINE CARROLL AND CAPTAIN P. ASTLEY AT THE CLOVER CLUB

Hyman Fink

Three pictures from Hollywood. In the top two, Olivia de Havilland is seen in pensive mood at the piano and on a badminton court, exercising with battle-axe and shufflebump, or whatever it is one uses under those circumstances. She is the star of the highly thrilling, but deplorably unhistorical, "Charge of the Light Brigade," which is showing at the Carlton. Madeleine Carroll is the beautiful lady who seems permanently fated to be blown up, wrecked and generally murdered, and assassinated by international villains of every sort, but manages to preserve her charm throughout. The latest picture in which she appears is "The General Died at Dawn," a quite hectic affair of Chinese bandits and whatnots.



W. Dennis Moss

A FOXHUNTER'S REMINDER: THE BROADWAY VALE IN SUMMER

Hounds go like shadows in the Broadway Vale!
Now, e'er the winter pass and thaw and fail,
The scent holds yet across the windy fields.
While at the Huntress' shrine the fires yet burn
Make ye the most of that the season yields:
Ride while ye may, for soon the year must turn!

Yet once again the steady months shall run
To summer's splendour and the fiery sun.
Beside shorn fields, where trees are green and strong,
Flecked with the slow cloud-shadows' drifting stain,
Wind in the ash shall whisper sleepy song
The while we walk in summer fields again.

A. M. HARBORD

Pictures in the Fire



GOLFING AT PALM BEACH: LORD SEFTON, MRS. JOHN BARRY RYAN, SIR HUMPHREY DE TRAFFORD AND THE HON. MRS. EVELYN FITZGERALD

Palm Beach is one of the most pleasant spots in the lovely playground State of Florida: the photograph was taken on the Seminole links. Lord Sefton, who acts as Field-Master to the Cottesmore when at home, was formerly in the Blues. Sir Humphrey de Trafford, who was in the Coldstream, married the Hon. Cynthia Cadogan, one of Lady Hillingdon's sisters, in 1917. They are daughters of the late Lord Chelsea

SIR CHARLES ROSS ALSTON, the famous barrister, whose death in India was announced recently, was one of the shortest men at the Bar, and they used to tell a good story about him in his junior days when he was more or less unknown. Appearing before a judge who had never so much as seen him before, when he arose to address the court, his lordship glared at him severely and then in tones of the deepest displeasure, said: "It is customary for counsel to stand when they address the Bench!" "I am standing, m'Lud!" said Ross Alston—and then all was peace.



THE WELSH GUARDS REUNION AT CARDIFF

An interesting trio of notabilities who were at this recent old comrades' festivity. The names are (left to right): Colonel Merton Beckwith-Smith, O.C. the Regiment and Regimental District; Colonel P. W. Murray-Threipland, the first Commanding Officer of the regiment, which was raised in 1915; and Major Lionel Lindsay, the Chief Constable of Glamorgan and a second cousin of Lord Tredegar

Truman Howell

One of Ross Alston's most intriguing cases was the one in which he was briefed to defend a governess-companion, who was arraigned on a charge of having murdered a wealthy lady, who had been crossed in love and with whom she lived. The lethal medium was poison, and it was given in evidence that some little time before the tragedy the victim had made a will leaving all her money to her companion. The big snag the prosecution were up against was that when the victim died the accused was at least 1500 miles away. Ross Alston had an easy win, but the case caused a terrific sensation, and we heard all sorts of theories, hypnotic suggestion being amongst them. It was advanced during the course of the hearing that

peculiar influence over the murdered woman and had posed as a medium, who put her in spiritual contact with her lover, who had been killed in action. All these theories fell down flat, and, furthermore, no success was obtained in the attempt to prove that the accused woman had had an accomplice who had been turned on to do the deed. The only fact that was proved beyond all dispute was that the poor lady had died from strychnine poisoning—a painful end—and that someone had laid her out with her hands peacefully crossed over her breast. The only witness who gave evidence at the inquest of having seen someone leaving the poor victim's room on the night of the murder also died—from poison—before the case got as far as the police court. Is it any wonder that it caused a hubbub? No other arrest was made, and there was a great clamour for a Sherlock Holmes and much criticism of the police and their handling of the enquiry. I think it was entirely deserved, for clues must have been as plentiful as the sands of the seashore.



AT ST. MORITZ: MRS. CLAUDE LEIGH AND H.E. CABALLERO DE BEDOYA

St. Moritz enjoys itself as much indoors as out, and Mrs. Claude Leigh was supping among the bright lights of the busy town that was once a tiny Alpine village when the camera caught her



ALL SMILING AND GAY WITH THE FERNIE

Mr. F. A. Pearson and Mr. Charles Edmonstone on the day these hounds met at Skeffington, Major Noel Furlong's house, which is also the home of Reynoldstown, the dual Grand National winner. Mr. Charles Edmonstone, Sir Archibald Edmonstone's son and heir, is an ex-Joint Master of the Fernie, and a very popular one at that

By "SABRETACHE"



MAKING MERRY AT ST. MORITZ

The Hon. Mrs. Edmund Bevan and her son-in-law, Mr. Francis C. J. Vane-Tempest, participating in one of the many gala evenings which round off the day's play on snow and ice at St. Moritz. Mrs. Bevan is the wife of the Squire of Hilston Park, Monmouth. Her second daughter married the late Lord Adolphus Vane-Tempest's grandson in 1935

and appurtenances. One of them is the kerosene-oil reading-lamp, which always smelt to heaven, and added very considerably to the temperature of those hours which are the

In the extremely interesting Kipling Biography, extracts from which are being published by our friend the *Morning Post*, the great author, in speaking of his early journalistic experiences in the *Civil and Military Gazette* in Lahore and the *Pioneer* in Allahabad, mentions various harrowing details connected with the pursuit of the profession of letters in the Land of Ind, such as working when you have fever to the tune of 104 degrees; the malfeasances of the native compositor, the D. T. sub-editors, and so forth, but he has missed out a few very ugly appendages

worst in any city of dreadful night. Another is a disease called prickly heat, which itches worse than a million flea-bites; the raids of things called "Norfolk Howards," which nest in the seats of almost all Indian office chairs and are never tired of biting; and the never sufficiently active *punkah*, a suspended fan operated by a person called a coolie, who usually preferred to do it with his toes. The electric buzz-fan was not in existence in Kipling's time in Lahore, any more than was the electric light. He has also omitted to mention the thing called the green fly, who always flew by night—in millions—so much so that when he died by fire he had to be swept up in heaps. He preferred soup as food, and he sought seclusion down your collar, in your hair—anywhere, in fact, where he could make himself unpleasant. It was in surroundings such as these that Kipling produced those wonderful early stories: "Soldiers Three," "The Big Drunk Draft," "Plain Tales from the Hills," and so forth.

* * *

Kipling also speaks of the ineradicable nature of the vernacular. He writes—

I found myself at Bombay, where I was born, moving



VICE-ADMIRAL SIR FRANCIS AND LADY LOFTUS TOTTENHAM AND THEIR CHILDREN

Sir Francis Loftus Tottenham, who was awarded a K.C.B. in the first Honours List of the new reign, has been Naval C.-in-C. the Africa Station since 1935, and has a distinguished war and also pre-war record. His headquarters are at Simonstown. The two children in the picture are Joan, a recent arrival, and Iona

among sights and smells that made me deliver in the vernacular sentences whose meaning I knew not. Other Indian-born boys have told me how the same thing happened to them.

Any child who stays in India till it reaches an age when it can hear and speak never loses its early knowledge of the thing Thomas Atkins calls "The Bat," but which other people pronounce with a circumflex accent on the "a." Once caught in childhood it never goes, as anyone who may have had my experience of it may know.

(Continued on page x)



WON THE INDIAN GRAND NATIONAL WITHOUT HIS BRIDLE

Captain Wansbrough-Jones won India's big 'chase at Lahore on "Curragh Rose," jumping the last four fences without his bridle, which slipped. This must be a steeplechasing record. This same horse, owned by Major E. J. Fulton, and the same pilot won the New Year 'Chase and the Grand Military at Lucknow. Captain Wansbrough-Jones also rode the winner of last year's Indian G.N., "Captain Hardy."

THE LADIES' SQUASH CHAMPIONSHIP: MISS M. E. LUMB AND MRS. I. H. McKECHNIE

In the final of the Ladies' Squash Championship, played at Queen's Club recently, Miss M. E. Lumb beat Mrs. I. H. McKechnie 9-3, 9-2, 9-0. This was her third successive win and the climax of a remarkable achievement of three championships comprising 17 matches, 51 games, in all of which she lost only 74 aces!



AS IT HAPPENS IN HOLLYWOOD

Mary Brian and Allen Marshall, a new and promising film personality, escape from the set to the Cocoanut Grove, where good eats and good company are always to be found. Mary Brian was over here most of last year, making many friends as well as several English pictures, one of which, "The Amazing Quest of Ernest Bliss," has just been generally released. She also had a stage success in a Charlot revue.

TWO men were returning home by car after a very cheery evening. They arrived at a level crossing, the gate of which was closed. In the ensuing wait both dozed off, but when the express passed they stirred.

"That was a well-lighted villash we passed through," said one, coming to.

"Yesh," agreed the other, "and did you notish that the firsh house was on fire?"

* * *

"**A**nd did your husband go to the club dinner last night?" asked a neighbour.

"Oh, yes, he went all right," replied the wife.

"And did he deliver his speech?"

"Oh, yes, he must have delivered his speech, because he was speechless when he came home."

* * *

A lady said to her gardener, a dour sort of Scotsmen: "Jock, I wonder you don't get married. You've got a nice little house, and all you want now is a wife. You know, the first gardener that ever lived had a wife."

"Quite right," said Jock. "But he didna' keep his job lang after."

* * *

During a natural history lesson the teacher asked the class to name an animal peculiar to Britain.

"The camel," said one boy.

"That's not a native of these islands," said the teacher.

"I know it isn't," replied the boy; "that's why it would be peculiar."



THE ERROL FLYNN'S

Lovely Lili Damita and her Irish husband, Errol Flynn, who has lately been thrilling film fans at the Carlton in "The Charge of the Light Brigade." They were photographed having a meal at the West Side Tennis Club, a famous Californian setting for court battles in which Hollywood often participates.



LUISE RAINER AND REGINALD LE BORG

Pursued by the camera to the Cafe Lamaze, another popular rendezvous for Hollywood's hard-worked film fraternity, in off duty hours. It will be remembered that Luise Rainer, who has just married Clifford Odets, a Broadway dramatist now writing busily in Hollywood, was the Anna Held (Florenz Ziegfeld's first wife) of that stupendous production, "The Great Ziegfeld." She gives an outstanding performance in her latest picture, "The Good Earth," which is taken from Pearl Buck's successful novel.

FINE for the theatre...

At after-the-theatre supper the other night, one woman stood out. She had beauty, charm, wit and was perfectly gowned . . . BUT SHE MISSED IT. She was wearing frightful, terrible stockings . . . seemingly a small point to many, but FATAL.

An easy answer . . . Bear Brand make perfectly fashioned, dull-lusted, superfine stockings in all the most fashionable and flattering shades. You can buy them for a mere 3/11 up to a dizzy 8/11.



Bear Brand Crepe Luxury Stockings 3/11 to 8/11

MADE BY HOWARD FORD AND COMPANY LIMITED

RACING RAGOUP

What Happens to the Racing Fraternity in the Winter Time?

FOLLOWING the line of migratory racegoers at the end of about a week at Kingston, the thread of research led over to the sea-bathing beaches on the north side of the island. It was on the way over that a native wedding driving to the bride's home passed, and to my astonishment the bride, an Ethiopian, as black as a wet Ascot, had smothered her cheeks in *rouge*. One can understand her peaches-and-cream-complexioned sister repairing the ravages of a season's surfeit of side-cars, or even thus, at the unnerving moment of crossing the threshold of womanhood, restoring the colouring of nature with a dab of red lead. I do not know whether a negro goes pale or just green like an old black hunting-coat, but it seemed odd to me that she had not used a spot of grate polish, Meltonian Cream or Ronuk.

Life on the north side of the island, for those of us who have had our noses perpetually to the grindstone and not known a day's leisure for months, is very pleasant for a week or so. It consists almost exclusively of lying on a beach of glistening white coral sand and swimming at intervals in a warm, gin-clear sea to a raft twenty yards away. Every couple of hours or so it is time to put on slacks and a shirt and go and have a brace of "Planter's Punches" and a meal, and then the sudden tropical night shuts down, the Southern Cross blazes forth (I never made out which it was), the palms are silhouetted against the moon, the surf sighs on the beach, and the crickets make a clatter like a sewing-machine. It is all quite according to Cocker or Somerset Maugham. It was while lying on a raft, wondering whether I was going to slough my entire pelt during the next twenty-four hours, that a head appeared over the side which seemed somehow familiar. It was indeed, the owner being none other than Lord George Dundas; but the bodywork was a surprise, being a rich bay with black points. He might have been one of Mr. Christian Barry's "ringers" or travelling in disguise. The two of us sitting on a raft in shorts, discussing the Free Handicap, the December Sales, and the Abdication, were rather reminiscent of Low's Colonel Blimp, discussing the affairs of State in the Turkish bath.

A couple of mornings later, when I was in the middle of my daily exercises (mental), lying on the beach shaded from the sun's rays by a large beach umbrella which, in addition, shielded from view a lady in a purple two-piece with malignant *mal de caneton* and the most distressing scorbutic affection of the hind-legs caused by not over-fastidious mosquitoes, there was a hubbub on the beach. Reluctantly removing my eyes from the most lovely figure I have ever seen, that of the Jamaican champion lady diver, who poised silhouetted on the top diving-board before swallow-diving in with as little splash as a gannet, I found the cause. With a "Vo-de-oh-do" and a "Boop-a-doop" and a "Hotcha cha," Mr. Graves, of Graves, Vaults and Tombs, the well-known commission agents, danced on to the scene. Behind him, looking as white and

leprosous as so many Gehazis amongst the habitués, came Sam Darling and the wizards of Beckhampton, Lambourn and Lewes respectively, just off a fourteen-day banana-boat. The place began to look like Newmarket in a sale week and the only missing representative of any turf denomination was a jockey. This was supplied by George Nicoll, who, rowing in on a catamaran, nearly cut the head off a lady who, from the fact that she was swimming with a hand supporting her under the chin, still claimed "the fine." For ten minutes we lay and swapped lies; then said Harry Cottrill: "Well, I must be going now." A man of the quickest decision, he had apparently already arrived at the conclusion that there wasn't a horse (or possibly a customer) worth a tinker's curse in the island; so, walking back into the hotel, he cabled for his horses to be sent to Melton and caught next day's boat home.

"I must be going, too," said Tommy, as an exotic creature in a saucy Chinese hat, a sprig of jasmine over one ear, and a 1-lb. saddle with breast-girth and rings, walked by. It was no surprise to see him losing weight rapidly at the Wattle and Daub night-club that evening with his new-found friend. Sam Darling and Lord George played tennis, and the day I left, Fred Darling and Eric Stedall had got into a tarpon and lost him, so everyone was fixed up with a hobby.

Having stayed in four hotels and being backed up by every resident I met, the Jamaican servant is anathema to me. He is not the rather lovable simple native of the Southern American States, but as a rule, a savage degenerated by contact with the white man, too stupid to speak or understand any language, sounds or signs, bone-idle and possessed only of hyena cunning. I am told that the only man who ever really competed with his race was a Mr. Bedward, who started a religious sect many years ago, which numbered some four thousand alleged souls. Finding them getting a bit out of hand, he announced the end of the world for the following Friday and said that all his followers should fly to Heaven. On the day he sent the lot to the top of a cocoanut plantation with orders to fly up to Heaven when he said "Go." "It's their own fault," he said, as he surveyed the shambles. "I told the suckers to fly up." Though they

never brush or fold one's clothes or do anything without being watched, yet, on leaving, more menials with outstretched palms will appear than even at a French caravanserai.

The difficulty is to distinguish them, for the Jamaican native, as the advertisements say, "comes to you in a dozen shades": quadroon, macaroon, typhoon, nigger brown, sepia, bruised eye, ebony and jet. They say the shepherd gets to know every sheep in his flock, but I'm sure they have more individuality than an impi of the last four shades, without a blaze, a white fetlock, a clipped ear, or a brand amongst the lot of them. As in Europe, they all "draw" for doing nothing. I am writing this in a particularly comfortable Canadian ship on my way to Nassau and Palm Beach, the "millionaire's playgrounds," in search of further data.



"GORDON" AT ST. MORITZ

In his hibernating period and free from the bother of riding winners, Gordon Richards develops into a curling fanatic, and he is seen above on one of the many rinks at that good spot St. Moritz



AT THE NEUSEL—PETERSEN FIGHT: TOM NEWMAN AND JIMMY WILDE

The former Pocket Wonder telling the famous billiards virtuoso all about it. No more gallant loser than Jack Petersen has ever been seen. It was only because he was out on his feet that the towel was thrown in

Swish —

Whoops —

Crash !!

nursery slopes indeed ! . . .



after spending
half the morning
buried
in the snow
in
unbelievable attitudes . . .



a cigarette
is remarkably soothing
and it has
such
a comforting way
of reviving
your enthusiasm.



THE FETTES XV. v. SEDBERGH ASSASSINS

Fettes recently indulged in a turn-up with the Sedbergh Assassins, but it seems that no chronicler was present to record the result. The Fettes team was:

Back row (left to right): I. D. Majoribanks, R. A. Jenkinson, F. G. Ferguson, R. A. S. Stewart, D. R. Murray, R. D. Macdonald, N. W. Murray, F. E. T. Dann. Seated (left to right): A. D. M. Gunn, D. A. K. Finlay, J. A. D. Fordyce, T. D. Darling (capt.), S. D. Rae, R. E. Gallie, W. R. T. Rose

DEAR TATLER—

NEXT Saturday, all roads will lead to Twickenham once more, for the England and Ireland match, and it will be interesting to see whether the severe criticism meted out to the English XV. after the Welsh match will have had any serious effect on the attendance. Given anything like a fine day, we do not expect to find the interest in the game less than usual. The Irishmen are always popular at Twickenham, where they have almost invariably put up a splendid fight. The actual state of the score-board is 55 matches played, England 35, Ireland 17, 3 drawn. Last year, it will be recollected, Ireland won at Dublin by two tries to one, a victory which at the time caused some surprise, in view of the smashing defeat of the All Blacks by England. But also to be taken in account was the very bad crossing and a great deal of off-side play by the Irish backs.

The final Irish trial was somewhat disappointing, and in consequence, our Irish friends do not place much confidence in their side, an attitude which we have observed before now has not infrequently preceded an Irish victory. The selectors have relied to a large extent upon the old brigade, and there is no doubt that the Irish pack, at least, if the old hands have kept their form, will be distinctly formidable. Amongst them appears the name of J. A. Siggins, who threatened to retire at the end of last season, and whose record is so excellent that we view his reappearance with a certain amount of awe. Another forward whom the English spectators have seen before, and will undoubtedly see a great deal more of on Saturday, is S. J. Deering. But it is hardly fair to mention individuals in a pack which contains so many fine players. The English forwards can be sure of having their hands full.

The back division scarcely carries as much confidence, though they are under the command of that clever scrummage half, G. J. Morgan, who has so many excellent games to his credit. His partner, G. S. Crome, of Queen's University, is rather on the small side, and is one of the few new caps whose débüt will be watched with interest. The three-quarters are all old friends, a fairly sound lot, without being very impressive. A. H. Bailey, in the centre, can be very good at times, and certainly won the match against

A Rugby Letter By "HARLEQUIN"

England last year with a brilliant individual try, L. B. McMahon, too, scored a winning try when Ireland won at Twickenham in 1931. In L. M. Malcolmson they have a tried servant who figured at full-back on several occasions last year, and played in the centre against New Zealand. This back division, though perhaps not brilliant, are, like most Irishmen, still capable of doing astounding things when least expected.

When the names of the English side were announced, it was quite disappointing to find that B. C. Gadney and A. Wheatley were not sufficiently



Photos.: Ian Smith

THE SEDBERGH ASSASSINS XV. v. FETTES

Despite the bloodthirsty title of this side, which sounds like collaring high, hard and violently, Sedbergh has a great reputation for Rugger, as also has Fettes. The Assassins were:

Standing (left to right): A. A. S. Scott, J. F. T. Scott, J. C. Brooks, P. D. Pattrick, N. J. Mawby, K. C. Bishop, O. M. Forster, C. P. Marriott. Sitting (left to right): H. D. Badger, C. R. Ward, L. R. Taylor, L. H. Collison, A. G. Watson, R. W. Gray, H. C. Fay

sound for selection. Fortunately we may feel quite sure that the selectors will run no undue risks, and, great players as these two are, it would be fatal if the worst happened, and either of them crocked during the game. The unfortunate accident to D. L. K. Milman necessitated a change in the back row, and the choice has fallen on J. Dicks, of Northampton, who, on the top of his form, is one of the finest forwards of the day, though he usually operates in the second row. If A. Wheatley fails to recover in time, we shall expect to see Dicks move into his place, leaving the back row to be filled again. No one can complain at the retention of the other six forwards who made such a hopeless mess of the Welsh pack a few weeks ago, though they must expect a much sterner opposition on this occasion. R. E. Prescott made a magnificent débüt, and T. F. Huskisson and D. A. Campbell were not far behind. Prescott, indeed, appeared an admirable future leader of forwards, and he will be closely watched on Saturday.

I must admit that I was delighted to see that T. A. Kemp was to have another chance. The criticism to which he was subjected after the Welsh game was most unfair, for no account seemed to be taken of the fact that the off-side rule was constantly being transgressed by those who had assumed the task of marking him. I hope he will receive fairer treatment on this occasion, both on the field and off it. The remainder of the back division practically chose itself when Prince Obolensky fell a victim to influenza. No one in his senses would dream of shifting H. G. Owen-Smith, P. Cranmer or H. S. Sever, and P. L. Candler and A. G. Butler, though hardly an ideal wing, are at least as good as any other candidates.



A MASTERPIECE OF
THE DISTILLER'S ART

Don't be Vague
ask for

Haig

NO FINER WHISKY GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE

AIR EDDIES : By OLIVER STEWART



FIRST FLIGHT: THE LORD MAYOR OF NEWCASTLE AND THE LADY MAYORESS

The Lord Mayor of Newcastle (Alderman J. Grantham) and the Lady Mayoress made their first flights at Newcastle Airport, Woolsington. Alderman Grantham is seen here climbing into his seat for his first parting with the earth

Frankness and Failure.

ADMIRATION almost overcomes me when I note the way the Government treats its failure to provide the country with an Air Force capable of defending it by the promised date. It does not shuffle, or look sheepish when it is accused of dereliction of duty. It does not offer excuses or deny the charge. No. In the person of Sir Thomas Inskip, Minister for the Co-ordination of Defence and Prayer-Book Authority, it is frank. It frankly admits that Royal Air Force expansion is miles behind the programme. It frankly acknowledges that it will be a long time before the lost ground is made up. It does not blame the manufacturers or anybody else, least of all itself. But it is frank. It is open. Without artifice it simply states the facts, frankly, to this House, without attempting to conceal anything. And what are those facts?

They are that the R.A.F. is between forty and fifty squadrons short of its correct complement; that nothing has been done about it; that nothing will be done about it. It seems that after making this devastating confession, Sir Thomas Inskip expected the House to burst into loud and prolonged applause. It did not do so. There was a certain amount of adverse criticism. Sir Thomas thought this most unfair, and on the day after he deplored the open way in which air strength is discussed in this country. He deplored, as it seemed, his own frankness. Apparently he believes that when our Air Force is dangerously weak, the public should be kept in the dark about it until war wakes them up. Personally, I am astonished at the way in which the Government's confession of failure and complete lack of repentance or promise to try to do better in future, were received. A night watchman equally neglectful of duty would lose his job. A soldier would be shot.

War Risks.

Nobody who watches the aeronautical situation can be blind to the increasing danger of air attack upon Great Britain. Nobody can avoid noticing that, relative to certain other countries, the air force of this country, instead of getting stronger, is actually getting weaker. I know all about those wonderful new British aeroplanes which will be reaching the R.A.F. squadrons in three or four months time. But comparable machines have been actually in some of the Italian squadrons for three or four months. If members of Parliament are alive to the dangers of our backwardness in air expansion, they will make this Government feel glad that it had a prayer-book authority as Minister for the Co-ordination of Defence—for the Government will want praying for. Lord Nuffield's words to the Secretary of State for Air echo each day with grimmer significance: "God help this country in time of war."

I think that Mr. O. E. Simmonds, Captain Balfour, and those other members who understand aviation, with Mr. Churchill, who really first revealed to the people how weak were our air defences, ought to continue their fight with the utmost vigour, and I believe that they will have all intelligent sections of the community behind them.

Be Sure of It.

When I was talking the other day about air-touring abroad, I forgot one of the most important parts of the essential equipment, the Shell Aviation Carnet. Time was—I fear it is long ago—when a piece of paper, with a good deal of complicated writing upon it, adorned with numerous coloured seals and illegible signatures, and headed with some imposing emblems of crowns and coronets, would carry you anywhere. Such a sheet could be flourished at a policeman if he asked you for your pilot's certificate; it could be held under the nose of a customs official if his researches suggested that he was getting near the eau-de-Cologne; it would open prisons; give access to theatres and concert halls and even, on occasion, and when used in the right way, it would cause the holder to be honoured by a salute of twenty-one guns.

But to-day, although the power of paper is more, the gullibility of the readers of paper is less. So you cannot rely on the title-deeds to a hen-coop, for instance, to get you petrol on credit in a foreign land. You must have a genuine authority. And there is none better than the Shell Aviation Carnet. Supplies of oil and petrol can be got with it on credit, and at the end of the tour, the bill is made out in sterling so that there are no conversion troubles from currency to currency and then back to currency again. So don't forget your Shell Aviation Carnet when you fly away from England.

Brooklands.

Mr. Percy Bradley gave out some interesting figures about the Brooklands Aero Club the other day. He said that the membership is now 790, which is an increase of 65 over the 1935 total. Flying members were 338 and 51 pupils are being trained at the school at the present moment.



AT BROOKLANDS:
THE HON. RUTH
COKAYNE

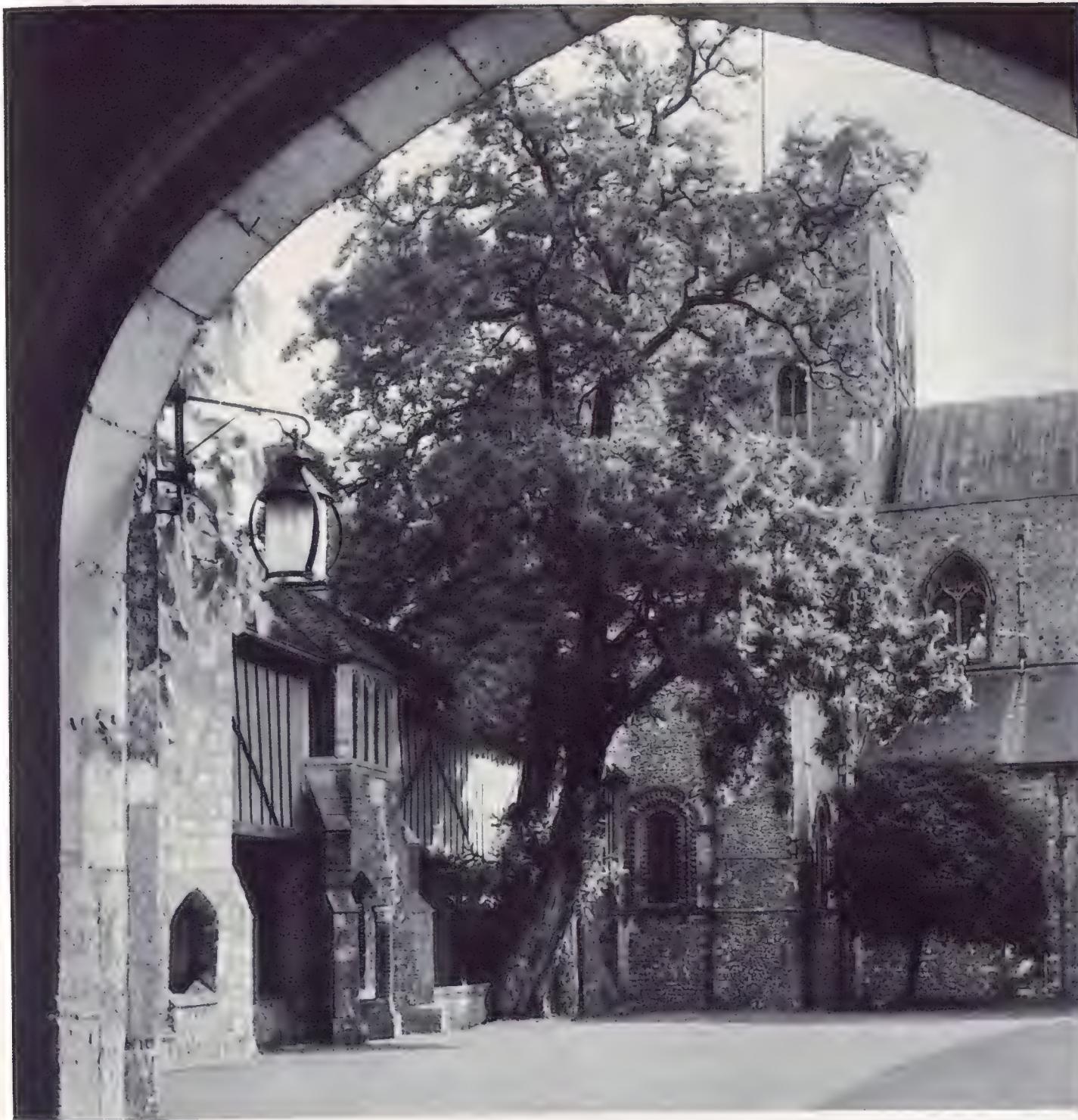
The Hon. Ruth Cokayne, a thoroughgoing devotee of the air, is working for her "B" certificate at Brooklands. She is Lord Cullen's youngest sister



COLONEL LINDBERGH BUYS BRITISH: THE FAMOUS AIRMAN (RIGHT) AND HIS NEW MILES MOHAWK

Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh recently took delivery of his new aeroplane. With him in the picture are Mr. F. G. Miles, the designer of the plane, and Mrs. Miles, who, by the way, has also proved herself as a competent designer of machines

This England . . .



*St. Cross, Winchester, where
the weary traveller may
still ask and receive a crust
of bread and a sup of beer.*



HOW easy it is in this England to step aside into some small pool of history, to be lapped awhile in the healing peace of a rich still-living past. For this people — more perhaps than any other — carries tradition and old usage into its daily life . . . in places as in habits, in great things as in small. Thus do you have an ale such as Worthington remaining unchanged through the centuries — because it is brewed in a manner so long ago found worthy of continuance.

STAR-CROSSED



By
CLIVE WOLLASTON

Under the hypnotic stare of his eyes she rose slowly to her feet, and put the finishing touches to her make-up

"SHE'S coming folks, she's coming," the announcer yelled ecstatically. "What a premeer! Nearly an hour late and I guess you can hear the crowd cheering. I can just see her car crawling towards the theatre. . . ."

In the bedroom of her Hollywood boarding-house Elise Manton sat with Tony Jurdisson listening to the nasal tones gushing from the radio. "Beginning to wonder if she was coming at all," Tony commented with evident relief. "Thought perhaps they had got wise to us, or something."

" . . . she's getting out of the car. What a reception!" The voice ranted on. "Such cheering and waving that even Rosalinde Colford looks a bit nervous and uncertain. And, say, is she a sight for sore eyes? She is wearing, ladies, an ermine cloak . . ." Tony Jurdisson jumped to his feet and switched off the set.

"She's wearing the cloak. So that's O.K.," he said, his cruel mouth curving in a grim smile, while the girl watched him with distrust, and even fear, in her blue eyes. From her golden curls and tip-tilted nose down to her tiny feet she resembled the famous Rosalinde Colford so exactly that the pair might have been twins, and over her elaborate evening gown was an ermine cloak which was an exact replica of the one which the film star was wearing at that moment.

"I'll fix Sam now," Tony stated, opening the door and walking into the gaudy sitting-room, where sat a little man dressed in a flashy chauffeur's uniform.

"She's just arrived," Tony announced curtly, carefully closing the door behind him. "Time you went to meet her chauffeur. You're sure you got him fixed?"

"Sure I got him fixed," the little man replied. "He thinks I want his job and don't mind paying for it. I just give him the five grand and take him to the flying-field—and he won't come back, neither. I've kidded him that the cops know about that woman he ran down and he"

"Good enough," Tony interrupted, stroking his swarthy chin reflectively. "Soon as you've seen him off, put her auto in the line at the theatre. We shall drive down in my bus, and when you've got her in the car, drive like hell to the spot we fixed."

"But suppose," Sam objected, "she ain't alone."

"She will be. I told you before. It's part of her pose to sneak off before the show is over and drive home alone. Then I shall drive her back here while you drive Elise."

Sam chuckled and looked up admiringly at Tony.

"And in the morning a girl who looks just like Elise, wearing Elise's clothes, will be found dead here."

Tony ground his cigarette into an ash-tray with unnecessary violence. "Sure. And the verdict will be suicide—thwarted ambitions to be a star or something. It's neat all right."

PREMIÈRE

"But what about Elise?" Sam asked, shifting his gum to the other side of his rat-trap mouth and glancing cautiously towards the bed-room door. "Does she know about the—suicide?"

Tony turned on him with a fierce scowl.

"Speak lower, you fool! Of course she doesn't know. She thinks we're just going to kidnap Rosalinde Colford. When she knows the truth, she won't dare do a thing except carry right on. You leave her to me and get moving."

"O.K.," Sam replied laconically. "I'll be—seeing you."

As soon as the chauffeur had gone, Tony returned to the bed-room, where Elise sat smoking endless cigarettes.

"I don't like it, Tony," she exclaimed nervously. "I wish now I'd never said I'd do it."

Tony sat down on the arm of her chair and slipped an arm round her slender shoulders. Over her head he looked scornfully round the little room with its cheap, modernistic furniture; so typical of the poverty-stricken, uncertain existence they had led hitherto.

"Too late now. Sam is already on his way. In a couple of hours you will be a star."

"But what will you do with her?" the girl asked doubtfully. Tony smiled above her head: a cruel, mirthless smile.

"Keep her locked up—until she sees reason. Once you're set in the part she can't do a thing. But never mind that now. Do you know your part?"

"I should hope so. I haven't been Rosalinde Colford's stand-in for two years without seeing all her silly little tricks and antics so often I know them by heart."

"Don't you even think that way," Tony broke in. "From now on you are Rosalinde Colford. This is your premeer and if you don't go over big we're sunk."

Elise jumped to her feet and poured a drink with shaking hands, while Tony sat studying her critically.

"Make-up; jewels; clothes—identical with what she's wearing now," he commented. "Voice the same; walk; mannerisms. You learnt that list of servants' names I gave you? Good—no one could tell you apart."

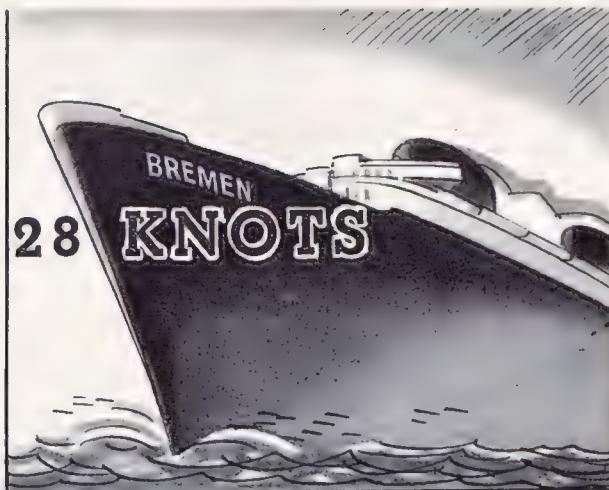
"Of course they couldn't," Elise replied irritably. "I'm an actress as well as Rosalinde Colford, only I've never had a break. And I've practised her silly signature till I write it better than she does."

"Rosalinde, I salute you." Tony kissed her hand with mocking courtesy. "Just think of that contract of yours. A minimum retainer of fifty thousand dollars a year for the next five years. A quarter of a million bucks and they have to pay you if you don't make a single picture."

"But I'm going to make pictures," the girl broke in defensively, an eager sparkle in her fine eyes. "Why shouldn't I—I'm a better actress than she is, anyway."

(Continued on page 272)

PERFECT RHYTHM AT 28 KNOTS



BREMEN EUROPA

The fact that you are sweeping across the ocean on one of the world's fastest liners is never obtrusive when you cross on the "Bremen" or the "Europa". You can dance as comfortably as in a Mayfair Ballroom. You can dine as discriminately as in the most celebrated restaurant ashore. You can relax in this atmosphere of modern luxury with the certain knowledge of a punctual arrival.

THE PASSWORD TO SOPHISTICATED TRAVEL : NORDDEUTSCHER LLOYD
TO NEW YORK, THE CONTINENT & FAR EAST. 11a, REGENT STREET, S.W.1. (WHITEHALL 6344) & TRAVEL AGENCIES

STAR-CROSSED PREMIÈRE—(Continued from page 270)

"I believe you are at that," Tony agreed. "And for every picture you make we pick up another forty thousand dollars. And think of the future."

"At last I shall be a star," the girl breathed, her thoughts far away from the man's sordid preoccupation with dollars.

"Sure you will. But take it easy—it isn't so easy to deceive the camera. But with this picture just finished they won't be bothering her—you about a new one for a while."

Wrapped in dreams of a glamorous future the girl appeared not to be listening, and Tony watched her closely out of the corners of his eyes. "End of this week," he suggested casually, "we might get married. A few months' honeymoon would give you time to settle down in the part."

"I'd like that, Tony. But what about Sam? Is he safe?"

"I'll take care of him," Tony answered harshly, while his right hand crept unconsciously towards the bulge under his left armpit that marred the perfect fit of his dinner jacket. He had no intention of sharing amongst three when one more bullet would increase his share to half—and Elise's half he already looked upon as his own.

But the girl shivered again, and sat for a second looking apprehensively at Tony's emotionless features.

"I wish . . ." she began.

"Time we got moving," Tony said; he knew that if Elise were allowed too much time for thinking she might refuse to continue, and all his months of careful preparation would be wasted. Under the hypnotic stare of his piercing eyes the girl rose slowly to her feet and put the finishing touches to her make-up.

At one o'clock Rosalinde Colford's luxurious limousine, with Sam at the wheel, drew up before the door of Rosalinde Colford's palatial Beverley Hills home. Tony Jurdisson assisted the star to alight, and with regal dignity she swept up the steps, past the mumbling Filipino butler and on towards the drawing-room. Following closely behind her, Tony glanced uneasily from side to side, but the carefully manicured hand with which he lit a cigarette—the hand which had so recently ended a woman's life—was perfectly steady.

As she sailed into the elaborately furnished drawing-room, however, "Rosalinde Colford" started with surprise, and Tony's eyes narrowed viciously.

Seated at his ease, with drinks beside him and a cigar between his thin lips, was dapper little Ray Weinberg, the director, who had been responsible for so much of Rosalinde Colford's success.

"Hallo there, Winey," the girl called, recovering her self-possession with amazing rapidity. "If I had known you were coming on here I'd have waited for you. What a night! What a show!"

Weinberg started to his feet and his cigar dropped, smouldering, to the rich carpet. "What's the meaning of this?"

"Meaning of it?" the girl repeated querulously. "I must say I like your crust, Winey. You sit in my house drinking my Scotch while I stagger home from such a premeer as even Hollywood don't often see—thousands of dollars that publicity is worth. And when I say I'm tired you ask me what is the meaning . . ."

Tony heaved a sigh of relief and watched admiringly the girl's perfect imitation of Rosalinde Colford in an hysterical mood. The girl was a born actress—a far better actress than Rosalinde had ever been.

"O.K., Rose. Cut it. Cut it." Weinberg broke in firmly. "You sort of gave me a shock, bursting in that way."

"That's all right," the girl replied calmly. "You don't know Tony Jurdisson, do you? Now be a darling and mix us some drinks."

Obediently Weinberg stepped across to the cocktail cabinet, while Tony sat eyeing the room appraisingly. Soon he would be living in this luxurious home as the husband of a rich film star.

"May I just slip out and use your 'phone, Rose?" Weinberg asked when he had handed them their glasses. As the door closed, Tony turned to the girl with a grin of delight.

"To Rosalinde Colford," he said, raising his glass. "Your premeer has gone over swell, and the rest is easy. Weinberg knows you better than most, and he accepted you without a word."

"Yes," the girl agreed doubtfully. "Seems to make himself at home, doesn't he? I wonder just what their relations were, anyhow." Fresh difficulties were beginning to occur to her. It was one thing to investigate every detail of Rosalinde Colford's public life, but who knew what her private life may have been.

Weinberg soon returned, and immediately, to Tony's fear and surprise, began discussing Rosalinde's next picture. But by now the girl was living her part, and primed with studio gossip and every fact about the star which Tony had been able to ferret out, she easily held her own.

Gradually Tony relaxed mentally and physically for the first time for several days. Puffing slowly at his cigar he gave himself up to pleasant dreams of a golden future.

"Reach!" said a harsh voice. Tony's finger flickered towards the holster under his armpit and the voice added hastily: "Don't move. I've got you cold."

The director hurried across to the two policemen who stood beside the open door.

"I want you to hold these two," he ordered. "The woman on a charge of attempting to impersonate Miss Colford. I'll come down to the station in the morning—I've got a feeling there's something serious back of this."

"Impersonation," the policeman repeated. "That's funny. Just before you rang we heard that Miss Colford's stand-in—Elise Manton, or some such name—had been found dead."

Weinberg let out a grim chuckle.

"That's it, is it? Pretty bad, but thank Goldwyn it isn't worse. Get them under lock and key."

"What in hell is all this?" Tony asked angrily, striding up to the policeman's pointing automatic. "I don't know about Miss Colford, but speaking for myself, I don't think much of your idea of a joke."

"Neither do I," the girl exclaimed shrilly. "You better go home and sober up, Winey. I could do with some sleep myself—I'll get them to show you your room, Tony."

But neither the policemen nor Weinberg moved to let her pass through the door. "Miss Colford is already in bed," the director said quietly. "She was taken ill with pneumonia at six o'clock to-night."

"But . . . but . . ." Tony stuttered, white with fear and rage. The policeman extracted the automatic from beneath his armpit with a skilled jerk: handcuffs snapped on his wrists and he was roughly propelled up the hall. With all her dreams of stardom tumbled in the dust the girl followed him, her arm tightly gripped by the other policeman.

"But Rosalinde Colford just had to be at that première," Weinberg added. "What you forgot was that Central Casting can supply a dozen doubles for any star. We only needed one to dress up and send to the première." THE END.



Pearl Freeman

MRS. GODFREY TEARLE

Mrs. Godfrey Tearle was, until ten days ago, Miss Barbara Palmer, the actress daughter of Mr. Eric Palmer, chairman of the famous biscuit firm. Plans for their wedding, and even the news of their engagement, were dead secrets right up to the time of their marriage

*"Equal to
a fine
liqueur"*



White Horse *blindfold!*

velvety softness, the slow spreading glow; everything, in fact, that makes White Horse Whisky the equal of a fine liqueur."

I recognise the aroma, the

Screw cap flasks of convenient sizes on sale everywhere

PETROL VAPOUR

By JOHN OLIVER

Follow Fulham.

ARE we to light the roads from the roads or from the vehicles which move along them? That is a question which seems never to have been asked before. Judging from road lighting in the United Kingdom, I would say that it has never so much as occurred to any road authority. Yet an answer to it ought to have formed the preliminary to all work on road-lighting development. It is the crux of the matter. At the present moment we have three kinds of road: the kind without street lighting; the kind with haphazard splashes of street lighting; and the kind with full street lighting. The other day I drove over the Fulham roads which have been equipped recently with electric discharge lamps and found them flooded with soft light which illuminated without dazzling. There is no need for head-lights, and vehicles and pedestrians can be seen at great distances. The same can be said of other roads equipped with correctly-sited electric discharge lamps. But unfortunately, the total length of such roads is negligible in relation to the total length of the highways of Great Britain. For the rest we have big mileages of "splash"-lighted roads, whereon the eye of the driver is tricked and worried and whereon cunning traps are laid for the unwary.

The entirely unlighted roads are safer than the splash-lighted roads, because on them the driver relies upon his own car's head-lamps, whose range and power remain approximately constant. It is the come-and-go, hit-and-miss, light-and-dark quality of splash-lighting that makes it so infernally dangerous. It seems to me that it would be logical to lay



MR. DENYS WATKINS PITCHFORD,
"B.B." OF THE SPORTING PRESS

The other sitter in this attractive little picture is master's dog, "Sport." They are watching the miniature millwheel worked by the stream running through the garden of Mr. Watkins Pitchford's home, Lamport Rectory. Mr. D. Watkins Pitchford is the well-known artist and author who writes as "B.B." in the sporting press. He is a master at Rugby and is shortly bringing out a book on the life-story of a fox

it down once and for all that, unless a road can be lighted fully with correctly-sited electric discharge lamps, it should be left without street lamps altogether. The illumination value of the car headlight is superior to that of all but the best kind of electric discharge street light. If that were established as the principle, a survey of roads could be undertaken,



IN ALEXANDRIA: RICHARD TAUBER
AND HIS ATTRACTIVE WIFE

The caption on the back of the above photograph is in Arabic but it is understood to say that Tauber thinks a fez a comfortable hat and that Diana Napier, his pretty wife, also thinks Egypt an attractive country as, of course, it is, especially at this time of year, when there is always "champagne" air and bright sunshine



Charles E. Brown
AT SCHEIDECKE: MR. CHRISTOPHER
AND LADY JEAN MACKINTOSH

A flashlight picture at a fancy-dress dance night at the Gastube. Lady Jean Mackintosh is the elder of the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton's two daughters, and her husband is a former Scottish Rugger International. They were married in 1927 and have two sons and two daughters

the sections it is desirable to light selected and equipped, and the rest left dark. After all, there is too much artificial light about at present. It is scattered haphazard. Lots of road lamps must spend the enormously greater part of their working lives illuminating an empty piece of road.

Cleavage.

"Smart, sporty V-8 frocks will be shown this spring by leading London and provincial fashion houses and stores," I read. "They are available in many colours, including Nigger Brown, Black, Lido, Navy, and a wide range of pastel colours for Summer 1937." That is most interesting, but I shall have to apply to the Ford Company for further information as to what exactly a "V-8" frock is. I mean, what about cleavage? Would the Associated Purity Council approve? Can it be entirely dismantled and re-assembled in 45 minutes? Are the pistons full-skirted?

And, anyway, is it a 90-degree V-8 or not?

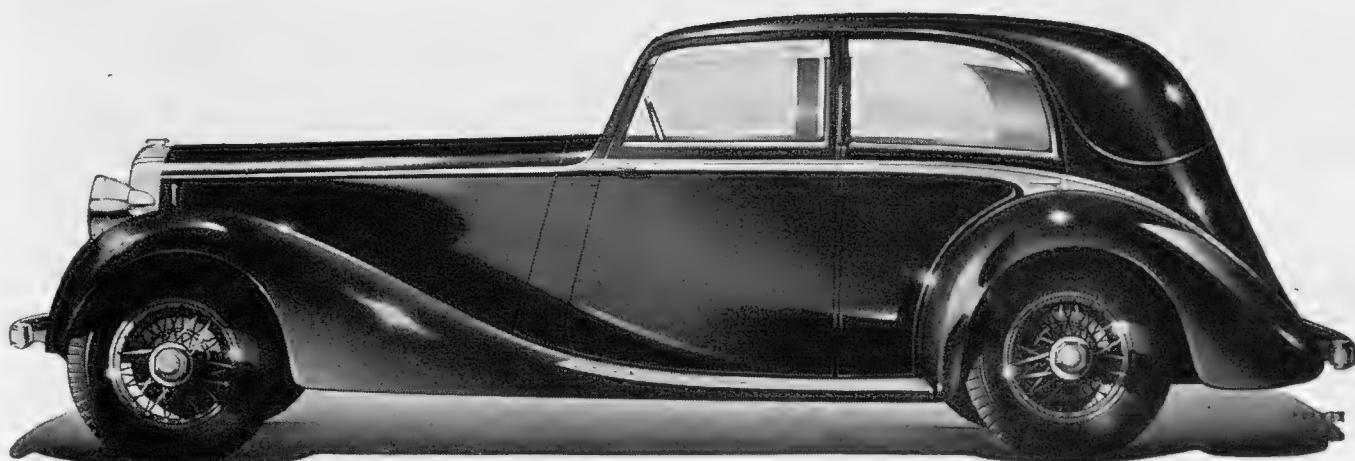
Another bit of news is that the factory construction programme at the Ford Works at Dagenham, although not yet completed, is to be augmented by the addition of 100,000 square feet of factory space. Judging from past expansion programmes at Dagenham, additional floor-space leads to additional employment. Ford employment figures have almost trebled since 1932. In June of that year, when the company moved from Manchester to Dagenham, there were 4054 workers. Now there are about 11,500.

And at Coventry.

Employment figures are also satisfactory at Coventry. Fifteen hundred new employees have been enrolled by the Alvis Company in the past few months. I am told by an official of the company that no trouble has been experienced in obtaining skilled workers—rather an unexpected fact. But it may well be that the high grade Alvis work attracts this type of man. It will be recalled that the Alvis works is equipped with some very fine machine tools, both for car and aero-engine work. One of these cost £6,000 and is the first thing of its kind to be used in this country.



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— proudly owned**



THE Daimler LIGHT TWENTY SALOON

In making motor cars a tradition of craftsmanship is intangible but important. The Daimler Company has been making fine motor cars for over forty years, and its designers, engineers and mechanics to-day have been trained in a school whose idea of routine is to

take the best materials available and improve on the best job done with them so far. Consequently the Daimler car is a four-wheeled proof of the theory that a piece of machinery, manufactured to fulfil its purpose as perfectly as possible, has a beauty of its own

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CHAUFFEUR-DRIVEN

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| <i>Straight Eight</i> | - - | £1450 |

DAIMLER FLUID FLYWHEEL TRANSMISSION

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The Daimler Company Limited, Coventry

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

BY M.E.BROOKE



SMARTNESS, charm and simplicity are three attributes that are ever encountered in the hats in the salons of Dickins and Jones, Regent Street. Witnesses are those pictured on this page. At the top is the newest version of the turban cap, expressed in silver and marine blue cloqué relieved with touches of cerise velvet, and although a veil completes the scheme the cost is only fifty-nine shillings and sixpence. On the right is the 1937 sailor carried out in black stitched satin; a white ribbon bow rests against the crown. The veil falls away from the face, and the cost is 3 guineas

THERE is more than a suggestion of an old-world atmosphere about the model at the base of the page on the right. It is of fine straw, the crown gartered with petersham and trimmed with a cluster of roses on one side; it is fifty-nine shillings and sixpence. This hat is set well down on the head; hence it is very comfortable to wear. The last of the quartette on the left is of black petersham, the upstanding brim being decorated with motifs of the same; an important feature is the "pouf" veil. It must not be imagined that this is only in model millinery that this firm excel, as they have a splendid collection of headgear for "knock-about" and holiday wear. They are making a feature of hats for twelve shillings and ninepence. Some are of felt, and there are silk caps and taffeta hats with stitched brims at this pleasant price. Illustrations would gladly be sent on application





"You do brighten a black outlook, Jane Seymour!"

She was a debutante, and she came to my Salon full of woe about her skin. It was 'terribly greasy' and had 'blotchy blackheads'.

"Isn't it too awful!" she said. "And all the creams I try only make it worse."

"My dear child," I said. "Your skin has enough natural oil without using 'creams'. You need carefully planned treatment to get rid of those 'blackamoors'! Steam your face every night and paint on Blackhead Paint. Instead of an ordinary foundation for make-up, use my Acne Lotion. It will soon reduce those blotches."

"As soon as you've got your skin clear again, attack the greasiness. You'll need Cleansing Milk, which is both a cleanser and a splendid tonic for too-oily pores.

Feed your skin with Greaskin Cream too. It's greaseless, and nourishes the under-tissues without lubricating the surface skin. Every morning, splash on Astringent Lotion, and make up with Petal Lotion and Greaskin Powder."

Well, I didn't think she'd do it, but she did! It was a radiant girl indeed who came to see me a month or so later. Her skin was as clear and fresh as a flower!

"Thanks to you," she said, "I'm going to enjoy my first season after all."

Do get my book "Speaking Frankly" from any shop that sells my preparations, and read up this treatment in detail, or write direct to me at my Salon, Jane Seymour, Ltd. 23 Woodstock Street, Bond Street, W.1. Mayfair 3712.



Jane Seymour BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

CRUISING



THE telescopic water suit is a novelty that may be seen at Selfridges, Oxford Street, and is a Martin White production. In the hand it looks like a work-bag ; on, it will fit any figure perfectly on account of its unique powers of expansion. In altogether charmingly patterned cotton it is a guinea ; in satin, 38s. 6d. There are other Martin White productions including the swim suits with Kestos brassieres, also Forma and Jantzen models

IT is also at Selfridges that the cruising models portrayed may be seen. The outfit at the top on the right consists of shorts for 15s. 11d. ; the sun-top is 5s. 11d., and this is likewise the cost of a head drapery—it suggests a handkerchief with cellophane visor. The suit on the left below has well-cut slacks—just how important this is even the amateur knows—and a brassiere sun-top lined with stockinette, the scheme being completed with a shady hat



ENDOWED with an indelible cachet is the crêpe de Chine swim suit on the right, the brassiere portion being lined with stockinette. The long coat is of fancy linen, touches of crêpe de Chine being effectively introduced. When buttoned the coat lightly silhouettes the figure. Assembled in the salons is an unprecedentedly comprehensive collection of American models, including an amusing new version of beach pyjamas



Pictures by Blake



Until Saturday week, February 20, special prices are being quoted for copying to order in the workrooms of the House, Bradley gown models for Spring. Two examples from the wide variety of original designs comprising the new Collection are illustrated. The afternoon gown on the left is of printed spot "Flamelya" and lainage, the trimming being of the woollen material. It can be copied in either navy or black. On the right is a coat frock of navy ribbed lainage with vest and flower in two shades of fuchsia crepe. Both these gowns can be copied to order until February 20 for 12½ gns.



Chepstow
Place, W.2.
BAY swater
1200

TOPICAL TRIMNESS



IN the spring Madame Corot's (33, Old Bond Street) thoughts lightly turn to fashions for the débutante. She revels in creating the smart tailored suit; two of her new models find pictorial expression on this page. By the way, emphasis must be laid on the fact that a very simple plan of payment by instalments prevails in these salons; it is such a help to those with limited pin money. The coat and skirt on the left are carried out in a new wool material. The former cleverly silhouettes the figure and is enriched with fox; it is such beautiful fur that it comes as a pleasant surprise that the cost is only nineteen and a half guineas. The ensemble on the right is nine and a half guineas. This also is made in a new woollen material; the collar, cuffs and belt of the dress are appliquéd with ciré satin, while the revers of the coat are of crushed velvet and Italian pleating appears at the hem. It must not for a moment be imagined that this artist in dress has neglected the needs of women who are not so young or those whose figures may be described as slightly difficult. The advance fashions for them have arrived in her salons. There are day and evening wraps and dresses and a special section is devoted to delightful clothes for southern cruising

Pictures by Blake



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FOR YOUNGER SKINS—Cleanse with Cleansing and Massage Cream (5/6), deeply penetrating, it gently removes all dust and make-up. Nourish with Perfection Cream (5/6), made of rich herbal essences and other beautifying ingredients, it starts working for your beauty the minute it touches your skin. Smooths away lines, crepiness, wrinkles and crow's-feet. Tone, brace and refine your skin with Skin Toning Lotion (5/6), or Special (4/6), if your skin is dry.

FOR WEATHERBEATEN, AGEING SKINS—Cleanse with Water Lily Cleansing Cream (10/6), contains youth-renewing essences of water lily buds. Nourish with Grecian Anti-Wrinkle Cream (5/6, 10/6), richly nourishing, it prevents and overcomes dryness, wrinkles and crepiness. Then apply Extrait (5/6), the smoothing, gentle, amazingly efficacious anti-wrinkle lotion to tired eyes. Corrects lines and wrinkles

FOR BROKEN VEINS—Cleanse with Cleansing and Massage Cream (5/6). Nourish with Emailline (5/6, 10/6). Its stimulating action helps stagnant blood regain normal flow through the affected parts. Tone with Refining Lotion (5/6), which is unexcelled for normalizing expanded veins

Visit the Salon for complimentary advice—you will learn how to banish your beauty problems quickly. Regent 5232 Or write for new "Beauty in the Making."

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THE BEAUTIFYING OF BLONDE AND BRUNETTE



WHAT woman is not happier when she finds on studying her face in a mirror that she is looking particularly attractive? She has doubtless cared for her complexion with the Cyclax Beauty Preparations and Treatments, her textbook being the interesting brochure "Six Lessons in Loveliness," by Lilian Mayle. She declares that it is easy to keep the skin in perfect condition for a modest outlay

UNDERSTANDING women are cognisant of the fact that an olive skin needs a different make-up from the creamy or ash blonde, therefore, at the top of the page may be seen the Cyclax preparations that are needed by the former, and at the base those necessary for the ash blonde. Emphasis must be laid on the fact that unless the skin be cared for the weariness engendered by the Coronation and other festivities is sure to be mirrored in the face





'PAMELA.' This very smart dress for sports wear is embroidered on linen, with attractive patch pockets and piped bodice. The colours are white, green, and navy blue. Hip sizes, 38, 40, 42 and 43. Price 49/6

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SNELGROVE**
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OXFORD STREET

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For Early Spring Cruises

Delightful suggestions
from Marshall & Snelgrove's
Inexpensive Gown Salon.

'JOAN.' A very pretty and practical afternoon frock, with cape effect sleeves and novelty stitched pleats on the skirt; is materialised in pastel printed crêpe and can be had in pink, green, blue, beige and white grounds. Hip sizes, 38, 40, 42 and 43. Price 63/-



Country customers are
reminded that we will
gladly send selections
on approval.

MISS JOAN COLE
Walter Bird

The only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Cole, of Rosemary, Sanderstead, Surrey, who is to marry Mr. Alexander McDonald, the only son of the late Captain D. McDonald, D.S.C., and Mrs. McDonald, of Corstorphine, Edinburgh.

Professor and Mrs. A. J. Butler, of Wood End, Weybridge, quietly in London in April.

A Summer Wedding.

Mr. Frederick Richard Dimbleby, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. F. J. G. Dimbleby, of Cambridge Court, Twickenham, is marrying, in June, Miss Dilys Thomas, the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur A. Thomas, of Sevenacres, Copthorne, Sussex.

Recently Engaged.

Mr. Douglas Thompson, the youngest son of His Honour Judge Thompson, K.C., of Highlands, Northwood, and Miss Hilary Jukes, the youngest daughter of the late Mr. Ernest Jukes and of Mrs. Jukes, of Crossways, Rickmansworth; Mr. Harry Stafford Morton, M.B., F.R.C.S., the only child of Dr.

WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS**In April.**

The marriage is taking place in London, in April, between Captain G. W. Carew-Hunt, late Royal Marines, the son of the late Mr. H. T. Carew-Hunt, former Consul-General at New Orleans, and Miss Caroline Ermyn Graham, M.A., the younger daughter of the late Mr. William Newsum Graham, Barrister-at-Law, of Middle Temple, and Mrs. Graham, of Branstone Lodge, Burton-on-Trent; and Dr. John Fitzgerald Mayne, of the Ministry of Health, is marrying Miss Rachel Elizabeth Butler, of Wonersh Hollow, Wonersh, the fifth daughter of the late

Charles S. Morton, F.R.C.S. (Canada), and the late Mrs. Morton, of Halifax, Nova Scotia, and Miss Rachel Perrot Wainwright, the only child of the late Mr. Wainwright and Mrs. A. B. Wiswell, of Halifax, Nova Scotia; Mr. Clifford Dobell, F.R.S., the eldest son of the late Mr. William Blount Dobell and Mrs. Dobell, and Miss Monica Baker, the daughter of the late Mr. Augustus Baker and Mrs. William Bulloch, of 4, Upper Phillimore Gardens, W.; Mr. Brian Percival Purves, the only son of Captain and Mrs. Purves of Johannesburg, South Africa, and Miss Frances Mary Collinson, the elder daughter of Colonel H. Collinson, C.B., C.M.G. D.S.O., and Mrs. Collinson, of Linton, Wetherby, Yorks; Mr. Thomas Trajan Lambe, the younger son of Dr. and Mrs. Lambe, of Findon, Sussex, and Miss Patricia Donaldson Henderson, the younger daughter of the late Commander Henderson, R.N., and Mrs. Henderson, of Newborough, Aberdeenshire.

MISS NAN HANSON
Lenare

Whose engagement was announced this month to Mr. Howard Jay Gould, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Bradshaw Gould, of Park Langley, Kent, is the second daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. J. R. Hanson, of Oaklands, The Walls, Hampton Court

MISS VIVIEN BAKER
Bertram Poole

The daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Baker, 53, Montagu Square, W., who is to marry Mr. Thomas Douglas Pilkington, the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Alan D. Pilkington, of Dean Woods, Newbury, and Achvarasdal, Caithness.

In Calcutta.

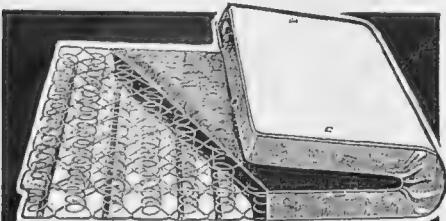
The marriage takes place to-morrow (February 11) at St. Paul's Cathedral, Calcutta, between Mr. Richard Bryan Comber, the only son of Mr. Alan Bryan Comber of Buenos Aires, and St. Brealdes, Jersey, and Miss Margaret Rosina Graham Pole, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Graham Pole, of Golder's Hill, London.



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the healthful sleep point of view. Correct bodily support, so essential to sound restful sleep is assured when you sleep on a 'Vi-Spring'. It is one of the many finer features which hand craftsmanship, fine quality materials and over 35 years' experience in the building of better bedding have introduced into this famous overlay mattress.

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**"I said it
the very first time I had
a Wills's Gold Flake
... it's such a
CLEAN SMOKE"**

CLEAN AND SMOOTH TO THE PALATE

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued from p. 261)

Kipling mentions, in his narrative of his early voyages on the turgid sea of journalism, that amongst other papers for which he wrote was *The Indigo Planter's Gazette*, published in Calcutta. This was about 1887-88. This paper's style and title was later on changed to that of *The Indian Planter's Gazette and Sporting News*, affectionately known as "The Pig," and was owned by one Harry Abbott, a bizarre personality and himself an Indigo planter in the palmy days of that product, when they all had lashings of money—some their own racecourses and polo grounds—and made the pigsticking industry in Behar and Tirhoot the finest in all India. The I.P.G. was the second paper with which I had to do personally, and which later I edited. My first was *The Asian*. During my time on the old *Indian Planter's Gazette* there was a very piquant personality, one Bertie Short, then an Indigo planter and formerly a policeman. He was a very good steeplechase jockey, and wrote a most entertaining book which he called "Between the Indian Flags." Bertie Short had only one hand and a steel hook for the other one. He used to have loops sewn on his reins. A brave man: but he always held that it prevented any horse getting away from him when he fell! He was generally rated one of the "clever" brigade, and thought it a sheer waste of good time when a horse won at a bad price. Ding McDougall was one of the stars at that period, and Jack Hanwell, that good-looking Horse Gunner, was another: Frank Johnson, who sang like an angel and swore like a trooper, was another, and yet another was Rowley Hudson, brother of Paddy, who commanded that fine regiment of slashers, the Behar Light Horse. I do not suppose Kipling knew any of these chaps, but if he had he could have collected some most astoundingly plain tales!



MARRIED IN DEVON:

MR. AND MRS. F. R. COWLEY

After their wedding last week at St. Mary's, Tamerton Folliott (Devon). Mr. Francis Russell Cowley is the youngest son of Mr. John Cowley, chairman of the "Daily Mirror" and "Sunday Pictorial" newspapers, and his bride is Miss Ursula Margaret Heaton, eldest daughter of Mr. David R. Heaton, of Brockfield, Plymouth, and of the late Mrs. Isa Heaton

Concerning Golf—cont. from p. 244

Personally, I am not yet sure that any form of control is inevitable, but I do agree that some limit ought to be placed, by custom rather than by regulation, on the value of prizes offered in open tournaments. If a club wishes to put up a prize valued at £1,000 for competition among its own *bona fide* members that is its own domestic concern; when the competition is open to the world outside it becomes a matter of general interest. St. Andrews a year or two ago frowned on the amateur-and-professional tournament run by the Silvertown Company at Moor Park, in which the first prize for the amateur was worth something like ninety guineas. No actual law was pronounced, but the warning served its purpose. Similarly no law forbade the use of the "beer bottle" tee—but that died in the same way. Perhaps now it would be well for St. Andrews to make another semi-official statement.

* * *

Notes from Here and There

FRIENDS OF THE POOR. 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, ask for 2s. 6d. weekly to provide coal and comforts for a lady living in the South of England. Brought up in comfortable surroundings, she was left penniless at her father's death, and she supported herself by giving singing lessons. Owing to ill-health she was unable to save, and now at the age of sixty-seven she is beyond teaching. With great economy the poor lady manages on her income of £56 per annum (given by two societies), but she cannot afford extras. Friends of the Poor ask for gifts to make her life easier.

* * *

In our issue of January 27 we published a photograph of Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Trubshawe, describing them as Capt. and Mrs. M. Trubshaw. We apologise for this error and for any annoyance it may have caused.



BY APPOINTMENT

CRAFTSMANSHIP

Windovers are showing an unrivalled collection of Rolls-Royce cars fitted with the latest refinements in bodywork designed in advance of the mode.



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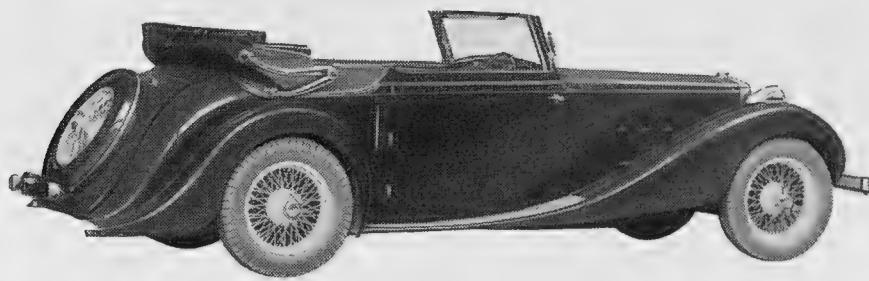
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- Four-door Saloon £389.
- "Tickford" folding head Foursome £398.
- Tourer £385
(Dunlop, Triplex, Jackall)

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WEDNESDAY,
APRIL 28th

OFFICIAL SOUVENIR

PROGRAMME OF THE CORONATION

OF THEIR MAJESTIES

KING GEORGE VI AND QUEEN ELIZABETH

BY Gracious Permission of His Majesty the King, the Official Coronation Programme is issued by King George's Jubilee Trust, to whom the whole of the profits will be devoted. The Programme consists of thirty-two pages of text and illustration and a cover bearing the Royal Coat of Arms printed in full colours and gold.

THE CONTENTS INCLUDE . . .

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From the Shires and Provinces—*cont. from p. 238*

were at Foggathorpe (though this is usually a Saturday fixture). Anyhow, there's no such thing as a bad day in that country and everyone enjoyed themselves, although the ground rode rather deep. It was nice to see Billy out for the first time, and let's hope it's not the last.

From the Fernie

Rain, and more rain, has left the country flooded in many parts and, needless to say, the going has been exceptionally heavy. Warm sunshine, nevertheless, favoured us at Peatling Parva on Monday, and a most delightful day was spent. Sir Harold Wernher was back in our midst again after his mishap, and the white collars of the Pytchley also enriched the picture. A Gilmorton fox gave us a good ninety minutes over the deep pastures, by way of Walton and Bruntingthorpe, to ground at Shearsby, leaving many in his wake. No fewer than six came down at one awkward place; however, the old adage held good—"the more dirt the less hurt." The Colonel from Dunton Bassett banged his leg on a gate-post. "Tony" lost his topper and rode hatless through the chase; loose horses were here and there and everyone more or less bore signs of the fray. John Ball later gave more good sport. Leicester 'chases on Tuesday were a disappointment to many, who anticipated the local horse, Reynoldstown, would put in an appearance, but the going was atrocious and Major Furlong withheld him for a later meeting. Thursday gave us a further taste of the vagaries of our climate. A biting nor'-easter, with a sprinkling of snow, suggested pneumonia, but, notwithstanding all this, a few of the hardiest turned up at Skeffington Hall, with several added from the adjoining packs of Quorn and Cottesmore. Rolleston Dingle and Tamboro both provided material, but little good was done on such a bad scenting day, and after a hunt from the latter of short duration everyone was glad to turn for home and warmth. That ideal hunting box, Rolleston Hall, has at last found a sporting tenant from over the pond, and we wish him good hunting.

From the Cheshire

One must for a moment cast back to the lawn meet at Tilstone Lodge, where the Major and his wife nourished a large gathering; in fact, one would not be certain that the best part of that soaking-

wet day was not spent at their expense. There are always people who complain, and one gentleman was heard grumbling that he had only brought one cigarette case, and part full at that, instead of three all empty (it is understood he is Scottish, but in no way related to Major Can't).

Friday in the Calveley country was an enjoyable day, quite marred by a good deal of grief due to the going. Our chairman had a nasty fall, but is recovering, we are glad to say. The hunting physician who attended this case, having restored the patient to a sitting posture, met his Waterloo when trying to raise him to his feet; Charles, falling backwards, caught the unfortunate doctor about the centre of gravity, and overlaid him for just long enough for the latter to consider this his most shattering fall of the season.

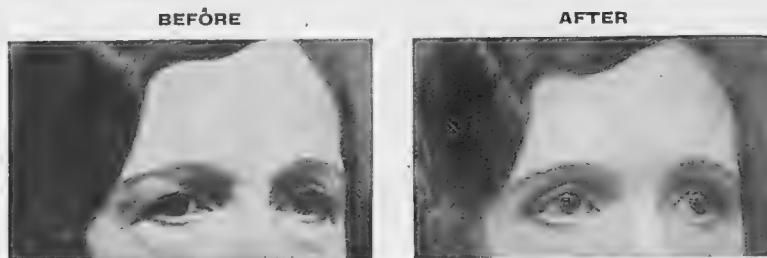
Tim hunted the hounds at Saighton and provided a busy day, and accounted for a brace and a half.

One felt sorry for the gentleman who on this occasion came out late, having spent the previous night, and possibly early morning, in London discussing, it is understood, important business, travelled down by the early train, no doubt sipping a little Haig's sovereign remedy, plus, possibly, a compress of "4711" to ease the fretted brow, only to be met with "Here comes the Captain, straight from the London Night Clubs," which, I know personally, is very untrue.

From Lincolnshire

The outstanding feature of the week's hunting in Lincolnshire was the Belvoir's great day from Dry Doddington—a place which, for once in a way, belied its name, for everywhere the country was waterlogged to the consistency of a hasty pudding! A fox put on his pins near Stubton left such a wonderful smell that hounds raced right away from the field and crossed something like fifteen miles of country—some of it twice—before killing him at Willson's Osiers. Everywhere there were "bellows to mend," and the heavy going claimed many victims. According to the best clockers, the time was 2 h. 15 m. As most 'osses were beaten there was a cessation of hostilities before 3 o'clock.

Wintry conditions put the lid on hunting during the week-end and only the Burton ventured out in the snow for a day in the woodlands. Following a rapid thaw and more rain, floods were out on Monday and much country was almost unrideable.

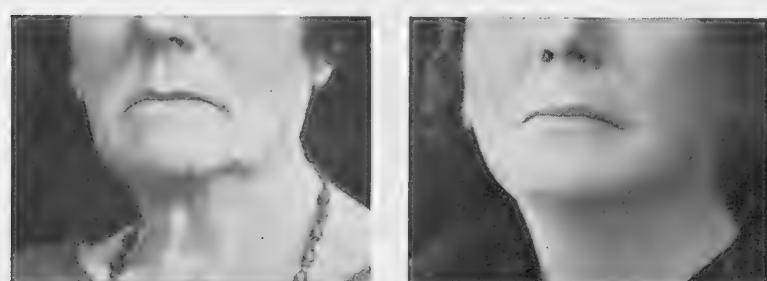


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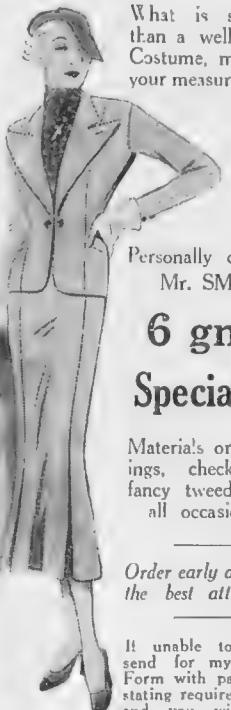
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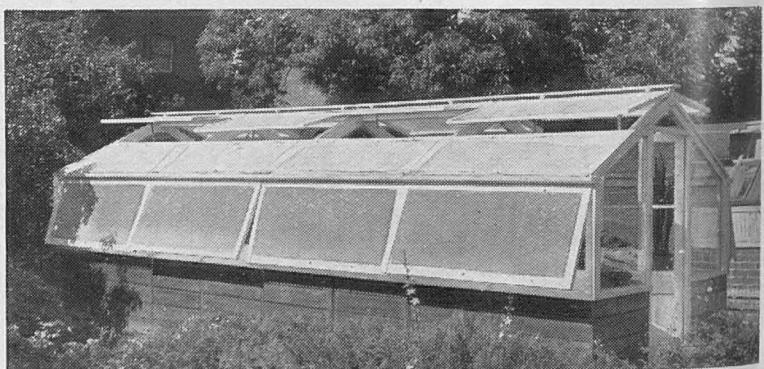
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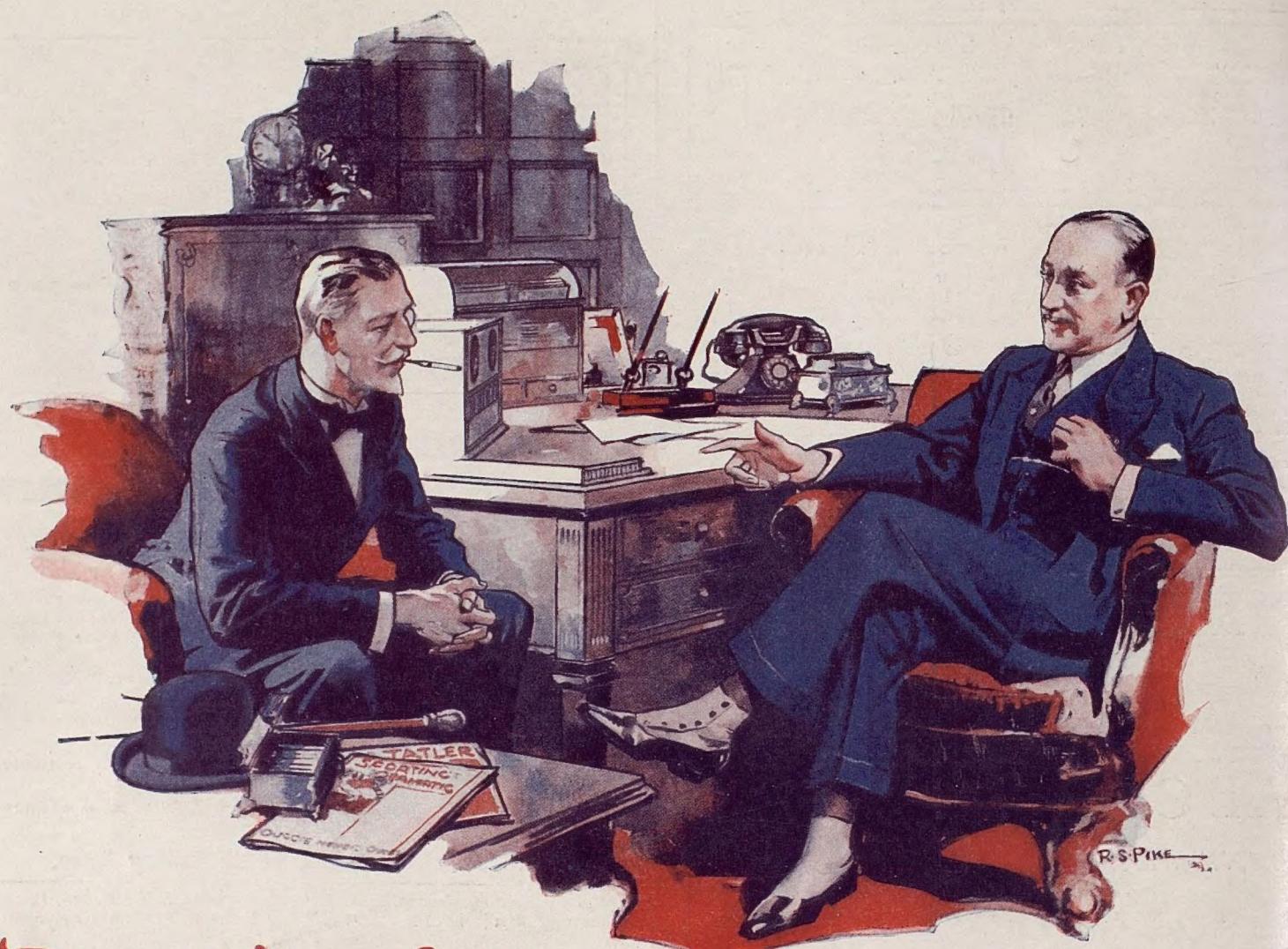
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